Be prepared for the next Zepp. Raid. See page iii of Cover.

JOHN BULL

Vol. XX. No. 542. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1916. ONE PENNY

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

942374

For meaning of this number see p. iii of cover.

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: nought shall make us rue,
If Britain to itself do rest but true.

Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

"England Expects!"

A genuine article, soft and ready for use.

Two Gold Medals awarded.

EXCELDA

HANDKERCHIEFS

for SOLDIERS SAILORS and CIVILIANS

Made in White, also in Khaki and many attractive designs.

6½d. each. Sold everywhere.

Be sure you get

EXCELDA

See name on each Handkerchief.

Ask for EXCELDA
Soft Collars, Fronts & Shirts.

Steele's Adv. Ser.

"That settles it—

"I've compared the 'Midland' terms with what other firms have to offer; I've compared the bed-rock 'Midland' prices with what we should be charged elsewhere; and I've seen the actual furniture in the 'Midland' Salons. That settles it—

There's not a place in the Kingdom that can touch the 'Midland' for VALUE."

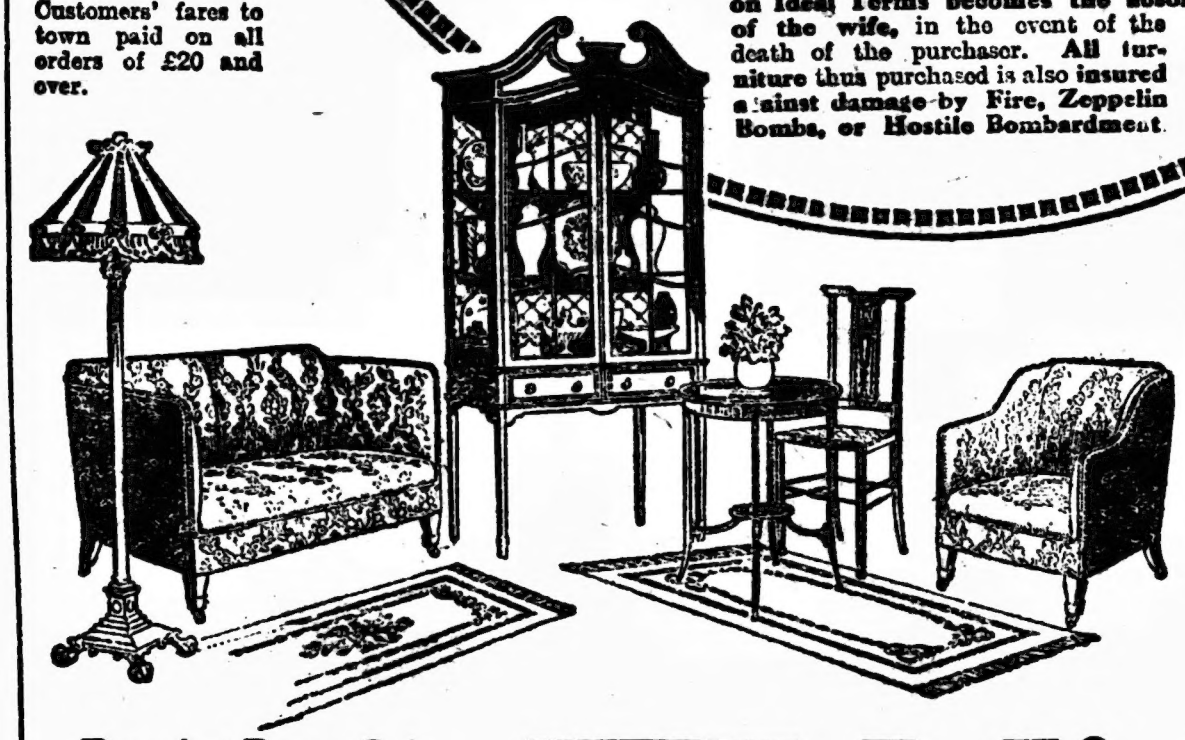
By going there you get the pick of £100,000 worth of superb furniture—beautiful old designs by Sheraton and Chippendale side by side with the finest work of the best modern craftsmen. Nowhere else can you be so certain of finding the very thing you have set your heart on. And you've only to look at the plainly-marked prices to see for yourself why everyone says that "money buys more at the 'Midland.'" Every purchase you make there is a bargain. And if you arrange for gradual payments under the "Midland" Ideal Terms you haven't to pay a penny for interest or any extras whatever.

Free Life, Fire, Zeppelin and Bombardment Insurance

At the "Midland." customers can obtain free insurance policies whereby **all furniture purchased on Ideal Terms becomes the absolute property of the wife,** in the event of the death of the purchaser. **All furniture thus purchased is also insured against damage by Fire, Zeppelin Bombs, or Hostile Bombardment.**

Rail Fares Paid

Customers' fares to town paid on all orders of £20 and over.



Write for the "Midland" Book of Furniture TO-DAY.

It is the finest and most comprehensive Guide to Furnishing ever published. It contains over 1,000 photographs actually taken inside the "Midland" Salons. A post-card brings it free.

Country Orders

packed free of charge and forwarded carriage paid. Orders by post carefully and personally dealt with by a Special Manager.

Drawing Room Suite.

This charming Suite comprises an elegant inlaid Mahogany Cabinet in Sheraton style, a Settee and two Easy Chairs beautifully upholstered and covered in tapestry to customer's choice, a dainty inlaid Occasional Table and inlaid Occasional Chair.

20 Guineas.

10% Discount for Cash

Ideal Terms

(Town or Country).

Worth.	Per Month.
£10 - £0	5 6
£20 - 0	11 0
£30 - 0	16 6
£40 - 1	2 0
£50 - 1	7 6
£100 - 2	15 0
£200 - 5	10 0
£500 - 13	15 0

Larger amounts pro rata.

Midland

Furnishing Company, Ltd.,

Contractors to H.M. Crown Agents for the Colonies,

15 to 23, Southampton Row, Holborn, W.C.

Seven doors from Holborn and Holborn Tube Station.
1 minute from British Museum Tube Station.

Hours—9 till 6. Saturdays—9 till 1.

IT IS WORTH WHILE TO
ECONOMISE TOBACCO & MATCHES.

Last Word
THE PIPE OF ECONOMY

Where's the fun in wasting tobacco at present-day high prices? Yet you can't help it with an ordinary pipe, because the nicotine spoils fully a quarter of it. With a Last-Word Pipe you can smoke your tobacco to the last shred, because there's no nicotine to spoil it, none to get into the stem (see diagram).

A London smoker writes:—
"I do not think you lay enough stress on the economical advantages of the pipe. You smoke absolutely to the last shred, thus avoiding the waste of the wet plug."

Its many other advantages are explained in our booklet sent on request.

The Last-Word Pipe burns from the bottom upwards, yet looks like an ordinary pipe, and the ashes do not drop out.

London made of selected French briar. Sold by Selfridge's, or sent by insured post FREE. "Popular," 3/6; "Extra," guaranteed, 6/. Silver Mounted, 4/6. Silver Mounted, 7/6. **3/6**

D A WISE, 6, Gerrard Mansions, 22, Gerrard Street, LONDON, W

The ONE Sure Way to Cure Indigestion & Constipation is by the DR. YOUNG EXERCISE MEDICINAL SYSTEM

which allows nature the fullest scope and helps her in her curative work.

I TELL in my book how to help Nature rid your system of weakness and all impurities, how to cleanse the system, how to get health and retain it, how the performing of a few easy exercises and breathing pure fresh air, will cure many of the ills which come from stomach and bowel indigestion and constipation: how to ensure good looks, clear complexion, easy temper, energy, good work, and the full vigour of life.

My booklet will prove to you that drugs are unnecessary if you will only decide to cure yourself now by *helping* Nature in her good work instead of opposing her will.

The book which shows how to get well quickly by sensible methods, will be sent to you on receipt of 1s., and with it I will send a sample of Dr. Young's Tablets, which give immediate relief in acute cases of Stomach and Bowel Indigestion, Flatulence and Constipation, whilst my common-sense and natural system is restoring your natural functions to permanent vigour.

SEND FOR THE TEXT-BOOK

I will cheerfully refund your shilling if, after studying the method, you return the book within 3 days because you do not consider the method sound or the book worth the money.

Remember there is only *one* book to buy—there is no other book course or apparatus.

Read this Wonderful TESTIMONIAL.

"I was surprised to find the constipation almost immediately cured—within a month the difference was quite remarkable—I do not think there is much the matter with me now. Since shortly after starting your System I have been perfectly fit."
H. G., Wood Green.

POST THIS COUPON TO-DAY.

TO THE DR. YOUNG CO.,
SUN BUILDINGS, LEEDS.

Please send me your booklet and sample of Dr. Young's Tablets. I enclose 1s. for same, which you undertake to return if I return the booklet.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....J.B.

Think of what they save

Osram
G·E·C
DRAWN WIRE
Lamps

British Made throughout

at the Osram-Robertson Lamp Works, Hammersmith, London, from all British raw material—by all British capital. See that every lamp sold as Osram bears the words "G.E.C. Made in England." Refuse all others

"Tales of a Toffee Tin," *No. 2: In the Trade.*

This is the tin that travelled to the Tall Ships

and didn't last long; for Jack of the simple soul and the straight punch loves good honest toffee.

On deck or on the watch below, you generally find him chewing: generally something else because he can't get Mackintosh's.....If there were toffee-shops in the North Sea there would be tons more Toffee-de-Luxe sent out from Halifax.

Some people are too big; others haven't a sweet tooth; but most ordinary people and sailors have a quite sensible liking for the simple homely sweetmeat Mackintosh's invented 20 years ago and no one has improved on since.

In every bite a delight; and in every atom the goodness, purity, and food value of sugar, butter, and thick rich cream.

It is simply a duty to treat our Soldiers and Sailors to lots and lots of Toffee-de-Luxe. Ask one.

Sold loose by weight, and in fancy tins by confectioners everywhere.

1½d. per oz.

To the Trade only.

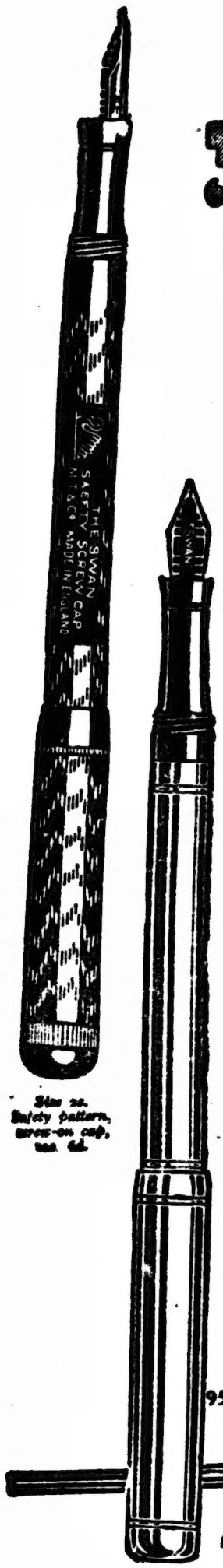
The extensive advertising of Mackintosh's Toffee-de-Luxe, and the fact that it is so good, pure, and delicious have made it a staple product of steadily increasing and enormous demand. Both Wholesale and Retail Trade are strongly urged to provide for this increasing demand by revising their stocks at once.

John Mackintosh Ltd.,
Halifax, England.

No War-Time Advance

in Prices of

THE "SWAN" FOUNTAIN PEN.



Size 20.
Safety pattern, screw-on cap, 12s. 6d.

The present time has been thought opportune by some Makers to raise the prices of their Fountain Pens by about 20%. The Pens themselves remain unchanged.

Advanced Fountain Pen Prices are entirely unjustified — the increased demand has neutralised the quite nominal higher costs of production.

The "SWAN" Fountpen claims your support in its policy of pre-war prices.

SOLD BY ALL STATIONERS AND JEWELLERS.

Safety Pattern
with screw-on cap. Can be carried in any position.
From 12/6 up.

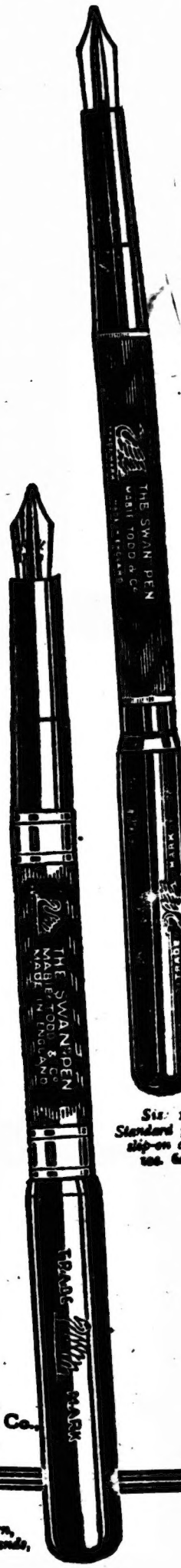
Standard Pattern
with slip-on cap. To be carried in an upright position.
From 10/6 up.

Illustrated Catalogue post free on Request.

MABIE, TODD & Co., Ltd.,
79-80, High Holborn, London, W.C.

38, Cheapside, E.C.;
95a and 204, Regent St., W., London;
3, Exchange Street, Manchester;
Paris, Zurich, Sydney.

London Factory—
319-329, Weston Street, S.E.
Associate House—Mabie, Todd & Co., Inc., New York and Chicago.



Size 1.
Standard pattern, slip-on cap, 10s. 6d.

Size 20.
Safety pattern, full-covered silver, 32s.

Size 1.
Standard pattern, two rolled-gold bands, 14s. 6d.

Don't miss our Advertisement Guarantee on page 32.

JOHN BULL

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XX. No. 542. Week ending Saturday, October 21st, 1916. One Penny.

"THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE—*KAISER.*"

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

Come On!

We have heard many rumours of late about a forthcoming naval scrap in the North Sea. What a pity it will be if the Germans let Trafalgar Day pass by! We should so much like to have another illustration of the old saying that "history repeats itself."

Beware!

Is the Cabinet about to ride for a fall? Keep your eye on the Irish Party.

The Empire Shop.

Months ago we advocated the purchase of Australian wheat, and now the Government have bought 500,000 tons. Keeping trade—and food—within the Empire is good business.

Bravo, War Secretary!

That trouncing of the lamenting Holt, M.P., by Mr. Lloyd George was well deserved. There was no whining for peace when the Hun was winning. Why is the pacifist so like a pro-German?

Oh, Law!

Really it seems incredible, in the third year of war and with victory in the offing, that Mr. Bonar Law should tell us that the question of the dumping of German goods has "not been considered." Three cheers for the Coalition!

Get a Move On!

How long ago is it since the Prime Minister promised to advise the King to remove the traitor princes from the roll of British peers? Has the letter of advice miscarried?

German Property.

Now that we have figures showing that there are many millions sterling more German property in Britain than there is British property in Germany, what about those confiscation proposals? Nothing like hitting the Hun in his pocket—which, next to his stomach, is his most vulnerable part.

Explaining Lord Roberts.

We await the explanation from the Bishop of London and others on the point we have raised in regard to the alleged statement of Lord Roberts shortly before his death—to the effect that, having at last got the "munitions and the men," all that was required was "a nation on its knees." We have pointed out that at the time of the old warrior's death we had neither munitions nor men—and we now formally ask upon what evidence this alleged declaration is based. Who heard it? Come, Bishop!

That Cabinet Minister.

We think we could name that Cabinet Minister who before the war jibed at the General who wanted a better machine-gun equipment for our Army!

Be "Tankful."

Although the War Secretary told Parliament the story of the Tanks, as he knows it, there remain unnamed some enterprising young officers to whom the country owes grateful thanks. We may some day tell the *full* story.

Submarining America.

What the Germans are doing now is submarining the Monroe Doctrine, and that is submarining America. But it is all right. At the time of writing President Wilson is "considering the position," and it may be confidently anticipated that his pen will soon leap from its scabbard.

Significant.

Meanwhile, anything which helps the world to understand the working of the President's mind is to be welcomed. We therefore direct attention to these remarkable words from a speech recently delivered by this proud non-combatant: "America has held off the present conflict, not because she was indifferent, *but because the part she wanted to play was different from that ordinarily played by a nation at war.*" No wonder Lloyd George spoke out!

Forty-Fivers in Danger.

Our readers will not be unprepared for the plain hint that "an increased and more equalised dilution of labour" is the only method by which an extension of the age for compulsory service can be avoided." All variations of military service in this country since the war have usually been preceded by some such public hint.

The "City John Bull."

Friday is the day—October 20th—and if you are in any way interested in financial matters, be sure to order your copy. If you are not—don't; it will not interest you—*unless* you would like to read the Editor's City reminiscences.

The No-Peace League.

We must make Mr. Asquith a Vice-President of this League. Nothing could be more explicit and satisfactory than his protest against any kind of compromise "masquerading in the name of Peace." Coming on top of Lloyd George's plain warning to neutrals, it looks as though the politicians were, at last, beginning to understand the spirit of the nation. But they *do* change so!

We pay all Zepp. Raid claims promptly and without quibble. **See page iii. of cover.**

"A Small Bait"!

Mr. Asquith might feel interested in the way his words are valued at Wandsworth. An applicant for exemption told the Tribunal he was the only son of a widowed mother, and recalled the Premier's promise. "That was only a snfall bait, you know," was what the Mayor informed him!

A Woman's Blood.

"A Woman" informs us that her "blood boils" when she realises to what depths of shame and humiliation the United States citizen of to-day is willing to sink if he can only save his skin and stuff his pockets. It does not appear to us to be worth while to boil one's blood on account either of President Wilson or King Constantine. In this war the United States and Greece have one motto in common—"Peace at any price."

At Last.

For coming to slow but sure decisions our Government annexes the bakery. It has taken them two years and two months to decide on controlling the wheat supplies. In about five years from date will they probably start controlling the meat and the milk—and then all will be well. The Royal Commission now appointed, by purchasing, selling, and controlling wheat and flour, will be able to counter-attack the bread profiteers, and we gather from Mr. Runciman that it is their intention to do it. So far, so good, and better late than never.

Not Quite Cricket.

There seem to be soft corners in the Army for wily people to fill. We hear of a professional man who obtained a commission long, long ago, and is still comfortably at home—billeted on his wife. Although he did no work for months, he gaily drew his pay. In his profession he is able to use Government stationery and get his typing done by clerks not in his own private employ. His field is let to the soldiers, who make nice new paths for him; and all he seems to do is, sometimes, to put on his uniform and stroll down to the office. How is it all managed?

"Freak Elections."

Here are the figures of the various by-elections with which the Business Government League has been associated: East Bristol, Hobhouse 4,913, Moore, 2,913; Shrewsbury, Lloyd 2,412, Morris 1,727; Cleveland, Samuel 7,312, Knight 1,453; Mile End, Brookes 1,991, Billing 1,615; Hyde, Jacobsen 4,089, Davies 3,215; Mansfield, Seely 7,597, Turnbull 4,456. As regards Cleveland, where the Business Government candidate had only a couple of clear days for his campaign, Mr. Herbert Samuel said, "If my opponent polls even a few hundred votes it will be a severe warning to the Government." Add all the votes together, and you will find that the "Freaks" polled well over a third of them.

A Message from Sir Ernest.

All the way from Somewhere (we have to be so careful in these days) comes a cheery note from Sir Ernest Shackleton, who says: "I am sitting with your number before me in the most southerly city in the world, and it may interest you to know that in Patagonia and Tierra del Fuego, out in the 'Camp' as the country is called, John Bull is one of the most popular papers—and naturally so, for men who live in a land with wide horizons like to see the winding sheet of red tape torn from things that matter." Sir Ernest adds: "When I arrived from across the mountains of South Georgia at the whaling station after the boat journey, the first paper in English I found there was John Bull—this on a storm-swept sub-Antarctic island, the most southerly British Dependency!" We shall not be surprised to hear, by next mail, that a copy of John Bull has been found embedded in an iceberg standing right on the South Pole!

An Example.

New Zealand, with its population of just over a million, has raised a fighting force equal to any Wellington commanded at Waterloo. Now then, Ireland!

Some Job.

From the *Rochdale Observer*:—"Shop Boy wanted; wages £5 a week; pension at 21." Let's hope our office boy does not see this. We do not wish to lose his priceless services.

"God Bless Them!"

Mr. Will Crooks, M.P., is right. "We could win faster, but, happily for us, our Generals are taking care of the men. God bless them!" So say we all, and what we say we mean. General Haig could have poured out British blood like water, as the Clown Prince did at Verdun. Instead, he has economised it to the very utmost of his power, without losing his chances or weakening his offensive. Thus have we won our way on the Somme with the minimum of losses, considerable as they necessarily are. To the Kaiser and the Clown Prince, Germhun lives are mere cannon-fodder; to General Haig, British lives are the forces he loves. That is the difference.

Line Up, Volunteers!

Up to now the Government has not afforded much encouragement to the Volunteers. They have not given these over age men in training for home defence as much as a uniform, a rifle, or a recruiting shop. All they possess they have provided out of their own pockets. They are doing their best with dummy guns; they are doing well in trench-work with pick and spade. Surely the War Office can be no longer blind to their usefulness or indifferent to their enthusiasm Now it is indicated that they will get their arms and ammunition—some day—on condition that their services are guaranteed to the country until the end of the war. That condition will be readily conceded.

A Picture from Manchester.

It is quite plain that many men of the wrong kind are being taken, while crowds of the right kind are kicking up their heels at home. An illustration is furnished from Manchester, whence a man with nine children was called up. He made the great sacrifice, and the State has to maintain his widow and orphans. From the same street has gone another man of middle-age, the father of seven youngsters; but two single young men, living within a hundred yards, have for some inscrutable reason received exemption after passing the doctor. And in Manchester, while the Briton closes his business down and shuts his shop, there are about 1,600 Polish Jews, who keep open seven days a week and live like fighting cocks—except that they are too busy to fight.

In Munitions.

When the comb is put through munition shops and Controlled Establishments it will manifestly be necessary to leave some of the men who know their business, the fine, precise workmen who are really skilled and actually indispensable. The line might be drawn by ruling that all so-called "engineers" who were not engineers before the war, and who are of military age, must be combed out. These men, totally unskilled, have been through some short course of Government training, and have been given simple jobs at large pay, walking off at the week-end with twice the wage of the *bona-fide* mechanic. The genuine man is sore at this position—for, though all is due to his skill and ingenuity, it is the slack-backed munitioners who reap the benefit and hide behind a badge they ought never to wear.

You are entitled to a "John Bull" Pen. See coupon on page 28.

Germhun in the Kitchen.

Thus a French inquirer: "I work in large hotel in London, and I ask you is it right to speak Germhun in business in England? In the kitchen all day long is Germhun speaking. I am French, and you believe it is very hard to hear when my family is fighting and suffer." Germhun is a beastly language, suitable only for a beastly race. It ought not to be spoken in any British hotel kitchen, as it may contaminate the food.

Billets by the Sea.

Cannot the War Office instruct its officers and Quartermasters in towns on the East and South-east coasts to billet soldiers with the long-suffering landladies, instead of in empty houses? The plight of these poor, struggling women is dire; a "let" for a few weeks in the late ruined season will only pay the rates. Help in the direction indicated will save many a home and keep other houses from falling "empty," while the scheme would benefit the soldiers, for the landladies are eager to do their best to make the men comfortable. In Broadstairs, for instance, apartment-letters break their hearts over vacant rooms, while soldiers, whom they would be glad to mother and do for, herd in discomfort in houses otherwise untenanted.

Backward Brum.

After Glasgow, Birmingham. We refer to the matter of the bad train service, knowing full well that Brum would object to rank "after Glasgow," in any other concern. Munition girls and all travellers suffer from too few carriages and too many fellow-passengers. At any time between 5.30 p.m. and 7 p.m. it is rarely possible to get a seat for the first eight miles out; one is lucky to be able to find straight standing room, for the compartments are packed with from 18 to 22 people, with 38 or more in the luggage van. As the majority of these poor human-sardines are girls, tired after a long day in the factory, the G.W.R. should amend this shocking state of congestion, which is at its worst between Snow Hill and Old Hill.

For Three-Halfpence.

There was an account in the daily press of a private nurse being sentenced to a month's hard labour for obtaining three-halfpence by fraud; she had posed as a flag seller, but was unauthorised. If she sold but one flag (as the rather obscure report would suggest) and received only three-halfpence, the sentence does seem harsh. That, at least, is the light in which it is looked on by a ward full of wounded sailors in hospital at Greenwich. "The whole of the patients, laid up after doing their bit," tell us how the case has distressed them, because they know "how kind nurses are to them." They want the Magistrate to "replace the three-halfpence, and let the nurse give her services for a month in hospital instead of in prison." There is pity, you see, as well as pluck in Jack's lion heart.

Other People's Money.

The Borough Development Committee of the Derby Corporation is developing its bump of generosity at the expense of the weary, rattled ratepayers. A London firm, it seems, has promised to establish some works in the borough. For introducing the concern, a sum of £50 goes to another London firm, and if this is purely an affair of agency, the payment may be commercially sound. But, for their "special services" in the matter, an "honorarium" of 100 guineas goes to Mr. A. W. Farnsworth, the Secretary of the Development Committee that recommends the payment, and 50 guineas is thrown to the Town Clerk. As that gentleman gets £1,000 a year, one would expect special services from him without extra emolument, while it is quite a mystery why the other beneficiary pockets twice as much as the London agents who introduced the business.

Another Joy Ride.

It must be awfully jolly for an Army officer, in uniform, to be able to run down to a health resort in a Government car driven by a soldier, also in uniform—especially when the wife and children are happily aboard. It must be awfully jolly (continued) to be able to go about his own private affairs for a week or so, and leave his wife to spend pleasant hours in learning to drive. The only drawback to all this elysium is the cost of petrol—for, of course, the officer would not burn Government spirit!

Hi, Porter!

With so many uniforms about, it is possibly difficult for the tailors' designers to think of a new one. The mate of a British minesweeper complains to us that, whenever he comes ashore and stands for a moment in a railway station, people take him for a porter and worry him out of his life. Some want him to push their luggage, while every now and then a simple little lamb, who dunno where she am, wants to know which is the train she should select for her journey. It must be all very annoying. An officer of a minesweeper, who is engaged not only on important but essential war work, is certainly entitled to a less embarrassing costume.

A Heartless Sneer.

The attitude of a Ramsgate greengrocer demands notice. He appealed—unsuccessfully, we are glad to say—for his son, 26, single, said to be "general manager of the business, in charge of the book-keeping, etc." It was suggested by the Tribunal that a discharged soldier might attend to those not very onerous duties, and the greengrocer replied, "It's no good talking about discharged soldiers; I want a man, not half a man—nor a woman." It strikes us that a thing who can utter such heartless words is not even half a man. A morsel of manhood in his make-up would prevent his sneering in public at soldiers who have suffered, and any repetition of the offence would lead us to believe he really did need a man—to tell him a few truths.

Brown (News)paper.

The paper shortage has its inconveniences for us and others, but it is a thought for consideration, if not for consolation, that the situation is far worse in South Africa. We have received a copy of *The Prince Albert Friend*, published at Prince Albert, in Cape Colony, which has a remarkable appearance, being printed on brown paper of the wrapper variety. But the good Editor is as cheerful as could be expected, and explains his journal's appearance in fancy dress thuswise: "Owing to the non-arrival of our printing paper, ordered from Capetown now nearly two weeks ago, we are obliged to make use of the best to be procured locally, and trust our readers will overlook the fact." The best is not good, but the worst is better than nothing.

Hope for the Armless.

A very kind reader, who was born without hands and is now approaching middle-age, offers his experiences for the benefit of the maimed fighting men. From long-life knowledge he prefers to the artificial hand a hook after the pattern he wears. With it he can ride, drive, photo, fish, play tennis, and billiards, and "can do practically anything." The letter, written by himself, is proof of his words. The cost of the appliances, for two arms, including everything necessary, was about £15, and they last 25 years. The arm as supplied to wounded soldiers he believes costs about £65 (for one arm), and he thinks it would not last more than three years. His letter is bright news for afflicted men, and he is ready to give advice and helpful particulars to any poor fellow who has lost an arm. We have his address for any sufferer caring to hear more.

£500 for a "Bullet" for this week only. See page 36.

Hamburg's Holy Man.

That Hamburg pastor whose pamphlet against Britain is quoted in the *Munich Post* is evidently of the usual prayerful type. "Arise and smite the Amalekites," he shrieks from Sam. xv, "spare them not, but kill all men and women, children and babes at the breast, sheep, oxen, camel, and even asses!" But why this base ingratitude to the asses? They have been the Kaiser's greatest asset in this country.

Who Speaks First?

Will the people of Dorchester, said to have subscribed large sums for providing Germhun prisoners with gramophones, listen to this plea from British soldiers and sailors suffering from consumption—brought on or accelerated by their services to the country? "May I suggest," writes one of the R.N.R., "that a sanatorium like this deserves some consideration, for we are all—owing to the Lighting Restrictions—obliged to spend our evenings in semi-darkness, with little or no amusement?" There it is, for Dorchester folk to see to, if they can spare a thought for their own. Some of those gramophones would be a godsend at the Cranham Lodge Sanatorium, near Stroud, Gloucester.

The Wonderful G.P.O.

Amazing folk are the authorities of the G.P.O. Not long ago, a British firm, noted for its toilet preparations, dispatched a stick of shaving soap, by registered packet, to an address in Paris. In transit, the soap got adrift, only the empty carton being delivered in France. Invited to compensate the senders, the Post Office people obligingly explained that they were unable to recognise the claim, as in such cases compensation could be paid "only in the event of the loss of the entire packet." Even if the lost article had been a diamond tiara, there would, it seems, have been no claim to compensation as long as the postal authorities had managed to get there with the box. It's as well to know.

Tale of a Tub.

One of the hard tasks performed by willing women in the Dockyard, Woolwich, is the washing and scrubbing of soldiers' haversacks. These articles come from France and are in a dreadful state, mud-stained and blood-stained. Sixty haversacks per day is one woman's wash, and the quantity must be properly and duly delivered, complete cleanliness being expected—yet the woman, we are told, is given but one piece of soap, weighing about two-thirds of an ounce, without any soda or powder whatsoever. Elbow-grease, we know, works wonders; but at the wash-tub—and at such washing—the hardest scrubber needs enough soap to be seen when looked at. Perhaps the laundry will hand out a little more from store?

A Padre's Pictures.

The Rev. George Smissen, after working in France for the Y.M.C.A., told at Annan of his experiences. On the whole, Mr. Smissen shapes as the right sort of minister, but we object to these words: "There are men of the very lowest type . . . vile in the extreme . . . they take a special delight in defiling the minds of younger men . . . they are very often successful. . . . In one hospital alone out in France there are over 3,000 of our troops paying the penalty of their sin, and, as one doctor told me, for every man in the hospital there are fifty who ought to be there." At that reckoning, 150,000 soldiers in France are suffering from a certain disease. Frankly, we do not believe it. We prefer this other picture by Mr. Smissen. He entered a hall during boxing contests. "Here's the padre!" was the cry; "we must wait for prayers." "Those boys have gathered round as I stood in the ring and listened attentively, and then, to a man, joined in the Lord's Prayer." *That's* better.

A Liverpool Promotion.

At Liverpool City Council it was mentioned that the Watch Committee of that noble city had promoted a police clerk of 18 years of age to the position of a detective-constable. One of the Councillors, who wished to question the regularity of the resolution, was ruled out of order. Probably we are running the same risk, but we are going to ask why that strong young fellow of 18 was not properly promoted—*i.e.*, to the rank of full private in his Majesty's Army. Is he medically unfit?

More Censor.

We have more complaints about the Censor stopping birthday-greeting cards and harmless photographs of babies addressed to America. None we have seen can give the slightest aid or comfort to the enemy, or impart to him any information which he can use to his advantage. However, it will save people a lot of trouble if they will learn that "pictorial illustrations and photographs of all kinds . . . whether the illustration itself does or does not represent an object of interest to the enemy, are stopped and returned by the censor." There may be some good reason for the regulation, but to us it is unfathomable.

That Act.

It seems that some of the good folk of Aberdeen insured under the National Insurance Act have acquired quite an expensive thirst for physic; and we notice that two panel doctors have been heavily surcharged for what has come to be known as "over-prescribing." The matter is one of considerable interest to insured persons in Aberdeen and elsewhere. In the choice of drugs, the panel doctor, it seems, must be guided not merely by the requirements of his patients, but by the paramount necessity of keeping down the expenditure on medicines to an average of 2s. per head per annum; and any officious effort to give suffering patients ninepence for fourpence will be severely discouraged by the powers that be.

The Object on the Land.

A market-gardener complained at Warrington that he, with a wife, five children, and one more coming along, had been ordered to join up, while his place had been taken by a Conscientious Object, with only two children and no knowledge of gardening whatever. And the Tribunal were very sorry, but they could "do nothing." They were not, evidently, stout-hearted like the farmer at Bolton, who, with four brothers serving, wanted exemption for his labourer. They asked him if he would take, in exchange for the man, a Conscientious Object who had been trying to get farming work. And the farmer said, emphatically, that he would do nothing of the kind—he would rather work all night through! We like that farmer.

Brought to Book.

A "previous acquaintance," James McKay, the "Herbal Cigarettes" swindler, has got it in the neck again. We have told more than once how, giving an address at Ballance Road, Homerton, he travelled the country inducing innkeepers and shopkeepers to purchase from him at inflated prices worthless herbal cigarettes on the promise of large business, sole agency, money back if unsold, and so on. It was a mean and contemptible swindle, often perpetrated on poor women, and we called it a "Herbal Have." McKay was first run to earth in Aberdeen, where he was awarded a well-merited term of three months' imprisonment. At Warrington, he has just been charged with defrauding two local tradesmen of £2 1s. 6d. and £4 1s. by the false pretences we have described, and has to serve another three months. We hope that, by now, the plausible scamp has seen the error of his ways.

For fireside reading, try "Everywoman's."

A Trafalgar Prize.

To celebrate Trafalgar Day, we have increased our "Bullets" First Prize to £500 for this week. Go in and win!

News in Shiplake.

A lady living in the West End of London says that a friend has informed her that "a woman living in Shiplake, whose husband was on the *Hampshire* and has been considered a widow since the ship was sunk," last week received a letter from her spouse saying, "I am well; a prisoner of war—so is Kitchener." All we have to say is that the letter is a hoax.

A Good Offer.

We knew what fine hearts there are among the taxi-men. Here is another proof. Any lady or gentleman wishing to entertain a party of wounded soldiers to the number of 20 or 25, on any Saturday afternoon at any locality within twenty miles of London, need not trouble about transport. Taxi-owner-drivers will supply the cars without fee. Intending hosts and hostesses need only write to Mr. C. E. Smith, 3, Redesdale Street, Chelsea.

Dear Food and Deer Forests.

Even in war-time there are landowners in the Highlands ruthlessly turning grazing-ground and fields into deer forests and game coverts. The Sidlaw Hills have been completely cleared of sheep on top. "Arable land is being planted with trees for game production." The hills of Altallach, on the Coyles of Muich, "which have been a sheep-grazing for generations," have been turned into a deer forest, for a fence has been erected round the hills so that nothing can disturb the deer. Practically the whole of that district—Upper Deeside, Aberdeenshire—has been similarly treated. At this rate we shall have to curb our appetites for good Scotch mutton, and nibble a little bit of venison when we can get it.

Orderlies to Order.

At a Naval Auxiliary Hospital in Scotland some orderlies are wanted. Therefore they are advertised for, and their necessary qualifications duly stated. They must be, we learn, "communicants of Church of England, abstainers, and have first-aid certificates." It will be noted that the question of their ability, fitness, and knowledge of their duties is put last. First and foremost they must be communicants, then they must be tectotalers, and after that they ought to be proficient in first-aid. Perhaps that certificate might be dispensed with if the applicant is regular at Band of Hope, Sunday School, Men's Society, choir practice, and needlework guild. Jack, in sick bay, evidently may depend on the attentions of the goody-good. Minded by the morose and dosed by the dolorous, how he will hunger for a more cheerful chum!

How Not to Do It.

We came across the case the other day of a woman whose son joined the Army when he was sixteen, and on returning home wounded was discharged on account of his age. But the authorities applied to the mother for the lad's railway fare and a suit of clothes before they would send him home!

Ipse Dixit.

There is a British Coroner who talks as if he knew something. "You have only to die once," he said to a witness at an inquest on a Zepp. victim, "and it is not so very important whether you die to-day or to-morrow." This, of course, applies to Coroners as to other people, but somehow they will never quite realise it till a Zepp. bowls them over and makes them dumb for ever. As a rule, if anything *malapropos* or uncomforting can be said at an inquest, it is odds on that the Coroner will say it.

"Those Nurses."

A lady who "emphatically contradicted" our information that voluntary nurses in hospitals are being unkindly treated by their professional sisters, barbed her remarks with the sneer that "voluntary" nurses are paid £20 a year. A voluntary nurse now informs us that "only persons who can prove their inability to work for nothing are paid at all. The majority not only work for nothing, but provide their own uniform and pay for their laundry, etc." Which is another illustration of the fact that some women are spiteful only to be inaccurate.

Except the Exceptions.

Bedford Town Council has been thinking things over, and its Thought Department—the Education Committee—has come to the conclusion that it is time to pay a war bonus on lines of moderation to all employed by the Committee, from teachers to caretakers. So far, so good—but no farther, for the next recommendation states: "Employees on active service excepted." What we wish to know is why, when a few shillings weekly are being distributed, the ones who are still to suffer and be denied relief are the wives and families of the men who are doing their durndest for the country.

A Bad Finish.

Work to prevent waste is good work, fit perhaps for Sunday doing. Anyway, it is done on Sundays on the Midland line, at Toton sidings, said to be the biggest coal sidings in the world. Gangs of men are regularly employed on the Good Day to pick up the coal that has fallen, or been knocked, from coal wagons during the week's shunting operations. The spoil is not sold, or given to the poor, or burned in stations, offices, or signal-boxes. Oh, dear no! Nothing so sensible! It is, we are told, taken to a large and deep water-hole at the back of the sidings and shot in, along with other rubbish. We are sadly conscious that the latter statement quite destroys the effect of our otherwise moral story.

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"MONMOUTHSHIRE WEEKLY POST" (report of boxing match):—
"Wilson so pleased the crowd with his pluck that he got a VERY FINE RECEPTION FROM A WELL-TIMED PUNCH TO THE POINT."

LANCE-CORPORAL HUBBARD, R.E. (in letter published in the *Yarmouth Mercury*):—
"The weather has been very hot this last week and there are MILLIONS OF GREEN FLIES all over the place. OUR ARTILLERY CONTINUES TO BOMBARD THEM HEAVILY all day and night."

CAPTAIN GILSON (according to *Star* report):—
"I do not say that he (Mr. Ginnell, M.P.) did anything, but why I watched him was because he was always ALONE and SEPARATE. He was WHISPERING TO SMALL GROUPS."

"DERBYSHIRE TIMES":—
"After being FATALLY wounded, Rifleman —— is now LYING IN THE 4TH NORTHERN GENERAL HOSPITAL, LINCOLN . . . . . and he will, with fair luck, SOON BE WELL AGAIN."

"ROBERT HALIFAX" (author of "The Jewels of Death"):—
"He was a massive man, with deep shoulders and PILLOW-LIKE LOWER LIMBS."

"BRADFORD DAILY TELEGRAPH" (advertisement):—
"Sugar.—I will give 54s. for ANY quantity of Best White."

"HARROGATE ADVERTISER" (advertisement):—
"Real Sealskin Coats at Musquash Prices. We make up OUR OWN SKINS. Every one guaranteed."

Candid Communications.

This page is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities.

To His Majesty King George V.

Sir,—Your Majesty will probably not have heard that dissatisfaction is being expressed with the form of the official letter of condolence which is being sent out to the widows and relatives of the gallant, devoted men who have given their lives for their country and their king. "The King commands me," it runs, "to assure you of the true sympathy of his Majesty and the Queen in your sorrow—H. H. Asquith." It bears no address, no crest, nothing whatever to make the recipients feel that your Majesty is in personal touch with them in their grief. May I respectfully suggest that a facsimile letter—addressed from the Royal Palace in your handwriting, over your own signature—would be both a comfort and a treasure? The present official circular, I am assured, is neither. And I know that such a state of things would not please your Majesty. John Bull.

To the Right Hon. H. H. Asquith, M.P.

Dear Mr. Asquith,—I rejoice in your declaration that "this is not a time for halting purpose or wavering counsel," and I respect the moral fortitude that enables you in the midst of personal sorrow to declare that this cruel war "cannot be allowed to end in some patched-up precarious, dishonouring compromise masquerading under the name of peace." In a word, we shall fight to a finish for the ransom of our freedom and the honour of our noble dead. John Bull.

To the Mayor of Hastings.

Worshipful Sir,—In your magisterial capacity you have complained about wanton breaches of the lighting regulations by residents in your salubrious borough, and you have hinted at the necessity of punishing offenders by imprisonment instead of fines. As your remarks were the result of personal observation, they were evidently fully justified. I would now ask you to extend your personal observation to a spot nearer home, namely, to the one arm, or groyne, of that Hastings Harbour which has never been finished. All that was built is one long stone or concrete platform, that stretches far out to sea and is much patronised for fishing purposes by budding aldermen. But, at its sea end, there is said to be a very powerful red electric light, which the other evening, when aerial visitors were noisy in the skies, blazed on uninterruptedly for hours. A red light means Danger, and there was danger openly waved at the groyne's point. Not a soul had the sense or the authority to switch off that beacon, although the button is on shore. I need not tell you of the probable effect of an incendiary bomb dropped in the Old Town district adjoining the harbour bar, where the houses—mostly of wood and coated with tar—are jammed tightly together. You know the terrible possibilities as well as I do. That is why I beg you to douse that glim on Zeppelin nights.
John Bull.

To Sir Hugh Bell, Free Trade Union, Manchester.

Dear Sir Hugh,—During your speech at the complimentary dinner given in Manchester to Mr. Gordon Harvey, M.P., President of the North-West Counties branch of the Union, you said, "Germany sent us goods valued at £80,000,000," and you asked what was she going to do with those goods if we refused them. Personally, I should say that that is an easy one. She can do what she likes with 'em. She can boil 'em, or burn 'em. We don't want them, and we are not going to have them. We are going to manufacture on our own. And what we can't manufacture our Allies can. In future Britain is to be for Britons, not for Germhuns. Enough is as good as a banquet, and sometimes a durned sight worse.
John Bull.

To the Right Hon. Herbert Samuel, M.P., Home Secretary.

Dear Home Secretary,—Your reply to Colonel Norton Griffiths on the subject of holding inquests on the bodies of enemy crews destroyed in Zeppelin raids is—just the kind of answer that might have been expected. You suggest that "some good purpose may be served." Surely we are at war with Germany, aren't we?—and if we are, we do not care a brass button for the cause of death, so long as we kill the Germhuns. Think it over. John Bull.

To Dr. W. H. Condell, Medical Officer, Houghton-le-Spring Urban District Council.

Sir,—At a meeting of your Council, a remark fell from your lips, in the shape of a hope or aspiration, that leaves me shuddering at your stupendous cruelty of mind. The discussion was with reference to the exemption or non-exemption of the Inspector of Nuisances, and I read that you said these things: "At one place in the county there had been over 40 cases of typhoid within a few weeks, and if they sent away the Sanitary Inspector he hoped to God they would get an epidemic of typhoid fever to show them that he was necessary." Now, sir, I can forgive many severe or silly things spoken in the heat of debate, but that cold-blooded desire of yours defies pardon. You wish to retain an Inspector; others think he should go; should he go you "hope to God"—the sickening blasphemy of it!—that the innocent town may be stricken with all the horror of an epidemic of typhoid! Sir, you amaze me. An "epidemic" of typhoid might easily turn to a plague; it has to be fought tooth and nail, or death stalks triumphant. That you, in the Council Room, should supplicate God to grant or permit such a visitation is so startling and lamentable a thing that I stand amazed when your lips frame the words. Both as man and as doctor, I hope you are thoroughly ashamed of yourself.
John Bull.

To the Right Hon. David Lloyd George, M.P., Secretary of State for War.

Dear Mr. Lloyd George,—You seem to have taken to your new duties like a duck to water; and when I reflect how easily another sort of bird might have been lifted to the perch, I thank Heaven for a merciful escape. Especially I welcome the sound and wholesome tenor of your recent public utterances. You are to be warmly congratulated—first upon your trenchant "interview" with the American Press, and then upon your severe rebuke of the disloyal pacifist section who, while our gallant troops are changing the whole aspect of the war, "begin to howl with the enemy for peace." Such candid speech is most refreshing. Stick to your guns!
John Bull.

To the Right Hon. Viscount Grey, K.G., Foreign Secretary.

Dear Viscount,—Accept my congratulations upon your recent stroke of policy in demanding the surrender of the Greek Fleet and the control of the railway communications in the rear of the Allied position at Salonica. Your demands were peremptory and couched in the only kind of language that is understood of Athens, and the prompt response of the Hellenic Government should encourage you to further effort of forcible persuasion. Meanwhile I trust your health is improving, and that in the serene atmosphere of the Upper House you are beginning to feel at home. John Bull.

To the Right Hon. Walter Runciman, M.P., President of the Board of Trade.

Dear Board,—Heard anything funny about the Ericsson Shipping Co., Ltd., of Newcastle? As my information goes, this concern once owned two vessels. A Germhun submarine accounted for one last October, and then the Company carried on with the other. This notwithstanding, their recent report reveals that they have made a profit of £13,402 on the one vessel, as compared with £7,124 on the two for the year prior to the war, the dividend declared being 20 per cent. free of income tax. And yet we are told that the Government have "commandeered the shipping"! Please don't tickle me with a feather. It is the shipping which has commandeered the Government. John Bull.

To the Hon. Mr. Justice McCardie.

M'Lud,—From the fact of our personal acquaintance, it is a peculiar pleasure to me to congratulate you upon your elevation to the Bench; and it may not be a bad thing if your promotion should be followed by further appointments to the Bench from the ranks of the outer Bar. In your own case I have not the least fear for the success of the experiment, and most cordially I wish you well. You certainly needed a rest from your strenuous activities. John Bull.

THE TWO HORATIOS.

ROUMANIA MUST BE SAVED.

OUR HONOUR IS AT STAKE—A WARNING TO THE GOVERNMENT.

By A. G. Hales.

THE little Roumanian nation stands quivering on the edge of disaster. Germany, mad with wild beast hate, lusting for vengeance on the dauntless little Power that defied the Fatherland in all its wondrous military might, has determined to crush Roumania into the very dust, as fearless little Serbia was crushed, for the same reason. Falkenhayn, the Kaiser's second-best commander, a ruthless, blood-lusting, pitiless Junker general, has been sent by the War Lord to write in Roumanian blood the full story of German vengeance; and he will write a page in history as dark as death, unless a mightly wave of splendid pity, pride and honour sweeps through these isles and brings the lion spirit leaping to the forefront of the war. Falkenhayn is a Junker devil; his record is as black as Hell, as foul as shame distilled. He is as soulless as grey granite, as pitiless as a storm; and he is smarting under the defeats we inflicted upon him at the Somme. His failure against Haig and our hosts brought about his military degradation, and made him a fitting instrument for his butcher's task—the task of wiping little Roumania off the map of nations. All that is bad in the Junker crew, all that is base, festers in the veins of this beaten and belittled soldier of the Fatherland. We tamed his pride; we curbed his soaring arrogance—the genius of Haig and the bayonets of our boys pitch-forked him from his pedestal. And now there is nothing left for him but to reinstate himself in the eyes of the gentle Hun nation by wading in the blood of the little people which, to its everlasting honour, stepped into the battle line to help us, and to help our Allies, at a moment when things were looking as black as night for us.

Up and At 'Em, Britons!

Only men who know the Balkans can gauge what a mighty help the incoming of Roumania meant to Britain and her Allies; it meant the *salvation of the situation.* Our diplomacy had been, and still is, damnable in its backboneless weakness. We lost Bulgaria's support and permitted her to drift over to the enemy. We have let Greece play with us, with her false tongue in her cheek; we swallowed old wives' tales from the lips of King Constantine whilst Serbia was crushed and maimed beyond redemption; are we going to stand around talking—always talking—whilst Roumania, the noblest sacrifice of all, is trodden into the mire? Such a crime must not be. Let us for once strip off the mantle of so-called expediency, and look the naked truth in the face in the broad light of day. Germany is set on annihilating Roumania—not in a war of conquest, but in a war of utter extermination. She is throwing masses of men and guns at the grand little nation, and if we do not act, and act *now*, she will leave that fair and fruitful land a shambles and a wilderness. Every girl left alive will be left to give birth to a half-German child—for *that* is the Falkenhayn method in German-conquered provinces and little kingdoms. The old women and grey men will go the way of the old in Serbia. The young men will be given to the steel. I have seen war in the Balkans, and I *know*. All this is to be done to frighten the soul of possible resistance out of Greece—if Greece has a soul to-day—to put the fear of death and shame into Holland, Norway and Sweden, and to punish savagely Roumania for being loyal to her ideals of freedom and honour. The Allies *must* leap to the rescue; all that is great in mankind demands it; and, Britons, you must lead the van. The gallant King of Roumania appeals direct to you—shall he appeal in vain? No sacrifice is too vast, no endeavour too daring. It is a nation's chance to rise sublimely to the Alpine heights of real greatness. Ris in your millions; rise like one man—come as a people proud of your heritage and save this loyal, trusting, faithful little friend from the hell that is surging round its feet! Then shall your star blaze in the heavens, a beacon for the brave, until the heavens crumple like a scroll. Up, Britons, and at 'em; let us give the German wolf the fighting he is asking for, without pity and without remorse, till he curses the names of Kaiser and bloody butcher Falkenhayn!

Ireland, Where Are You?

Now is your chance, now *your* hour of destiny, Ireland. Forget the troubles and the wrongs of the past! A little people as brave as you are, as generous as you are, turns eyes, filled with the dread of women's shame and children's butchery, towards you. Will ye turn your faces to the wall and let them perish—let the last wrong be done to the Roumanian women? In God's name—and I say it reverently—*don't do it*; don't shame dear old Ireland, the home of the brave, the land of the great. Throw politics to the Devil for once, and in the freeing of Roumania from the Germanic yoke work out your own salvation. He who says that the Irish did not come into this war because they were afraid is a liar and a fool—all real men know the cause of the people's lukewarmness; throw it behind you, form an Irish Brigade for service immediate service—in Roumania, and write another glorious page in your history. And, as a favour—the greatest you can grant me—let me march in your ranks and fight with you. I know the Balkans, and I've Irish blood in me. To every man in these Isles who has drawn a badge of non-combat I say, "Hand it in now; hand it in at once"—demand to be sent to help Roumania, that the shame of the false friend may not light upon us. France needs every man on her borders to hold back the German hosts. Russia and Italy can send an Army Corps, but we must be the torch-bearers, the pioneers. Serbia was sacrificed, Antwerp was crucified, Mesopotamia was muddled away Gallipoli thrown to the dogs; our cry must be, "No more, no more!" Miners in Wales, let your old men come from the ingleside and, with the women, work the mines; pour forth in your tens of thousands on this, the noblest crusade that ever stirred the souls of the sons of men—let the old Welsh slogan ring high and clear as eagle's note through the Balkan vales and mountains! Come on this Holy Crusade! Where is Lloyd George? The world wants him now, wants him as he was never wanted before—wants the magic of his voice, the wonder of his personal magnetism. Let him in this hour throw all that is in him into this Holy War and call up volunteers for Roumania—not conscripts, but the mighty mass who are eager and willing to fight, suffer and die for an ideal. And, Horatio Bottomley, fly through England and Scotland—lift high the fiery cross on hill and dale; bring in the Dalesmen—if needs be, let the herds run free, let the women tend the flocks, there is something more at stake to-day than money or all that money can buy. The fair fame of the people is trembling in the balance; it is a thing worth fighting for, it is worth dying for! Our honour is at stake; it shall not go into the melting-pot.

AMAZING LETTERS TO THE PELMAN INSTITUTE.

No single reader of this great popular Weekly should miss these Letters, which have been described as constituting "the most amazing record of Success ever appearing in print."

The PELMAN INSTITUTE is well known to "JOHN BULL" and its million-and-a-quarter of readers, thousands of whom have found a Pelman training the "royal road" to a bigger income, swift promotion, and a realisation of their fondest aims.

The EDITOR OF "JOHN BULL" is admittedly the most fearlessly outspoken man—as he is the shrewdest business man—in Britain to-day, and his verdict on the Pelman System is that "Under a Business Government the Pelman System would become a part of our national education. . . . We heartily commend it to every reader who wishes to improve his position in life and add to his income."

"TRUTH"—another great independent critic—sent a special representative to investigate the Pelman System and its results. The verdict was: "The work of the Pelman Institute is of national importance." These sentiments have been heartily endorsed by 200 leading papers, amongst whom we may quote "PUBLIC OPINION," which says "There is no institution in the kingdom which is doing more to raise the standard of business, professional and intellectual efficiency than the Pelman Institute."

And now, let this small selection of letters speak for themselves as to the precise measure of practical benefit resulting from a Pelman Training:—

CLERK (Spennymoor).—Through the Pelman system I have done exceedingly well, my salary has been increased by 60 per cent.

DOCTOR (Cornwall).—Your Course has proved to be a splendid investment for me; my chief regret is that I did not take it at the beginning of my student days.

F. S. (Cleethorpes).—I found my Pelman training one of the finest references in applying for a position in the Royal Navy.

MANAGER (Bradford).—Your System has certainly been of great assistance to me. I have now attained the position of right-hand man to the owners, being removed from the executive to the administrative side of the business.

CLERK (Shrewsbury).—If only the public *knew* your Course, I am sure your offices would be literally besieged.

SALESMAN (Fulham).—The chief benefits which I have derived from the Course are: increased self-confidence, greater interest power, wider outlook, keener mental grasp, more tenacious memory, ability to do more work and better work with greater rapidity and less fatigue, *and a rise of £145 per annum.*

MERCHANT (Halifax).—I am deeply indebted to you for the splendid Course, which I have so much enjoyed. Financially it has materially assisted me. There is no humbug about Pelman.

LIEUT.-COLONEL (Salonika).—As a *direct consequence* of Lesson 2 I have got a step in rank which, though only temporary, is certainly one in the right direction.

ARCHITECT (Barnsley).—The benefits derived from the Course are inestimable; the lesson on "Personality" is alone worth the fee. My position has undoubtedly improved, both socially and financially, since I enrolled for the Course.

ENGINEER (Bradford).—My thanks are due to the Pelman Institute for a strengthened memory, greater ambition, increased self-confidence, a wider and more hopeful outlook on life, advancement at work, and *an increase of salary of 50 per cent.*

GROCER (Southampton).—Since my Course of Pelman Training I have doubled my business, and I have not finished yet.

FARMER (Rugby).—I feel sure that the Course has already paid for itself several times over, and will continue to do so.

RETAILER (Spalding).—My turnover recently has beaten all previous records. I realise that I must have missed many advantages in life through not availing myself of the Course many years ago.

POLICE (Hull).—The System is invaluable to anyone in the Police Service, especially the Detective Branch. Since my commencement (of the Course) I have been promoted to the rank of Sergeant.

MAJOR (Royal Artillery).—Why have I never done this before? In a small, unsystematic way one employs this power, but I have never appreciated its extreme value and the extent to which it can be developed.

DEPT. MANAGER (Huddersfield).—I found the Course most fascinating. It opened an entirely new outlook for me, and it has been the direct means of enabling me to pass into closer confidence with my employers. Quite recently I received a £50 advance.

SALESMAN (Liverpool).—Since completing your Course I have added £80 to my commission account in 10 months. My memory for prices and faces is almost perfect.

BANK CLERK (Balham).—I can thoroughly recommend the Pelman Course to anyone who wishes to be a success. Since I went through the Course I have had a 40 per cent. rise.

CLERK (Plumstead).—It will probably interest you to know that since completing the Course I have obtained a position with a salary exactly double that which I was previously in receipt of, and that I am still cheerfully advancing with more confidence in myself than I ever dreamed of possessing.

MUSICIAN (Northampton).—I can safely say that Pelman has been one of my safest investments, and has returned me many, many times the money and time I spent on it. It has discovered to me myself, and I have been able to turn all my dormant powers to account and realise on them financially.

EDUCATION OFFICIAL (Cumberland).—The results I derived from the Pelman Course have far exceeded my expectations. I have now an almost infallible memory, and my will-power and personality are considerably stronger. My power of concentration is never found wanting. Besides these permanent assets my salary has been increased by 25 per cent.

CLERK (Wigan).—I have obtained an important position with one of the largest and finest business houses in this country, commencing at a salary £50 in advance of the position held before. The fact that I was a Pelman student gained me an interview and consideration right away. I was allowed to state my own salary

CIVIL ENGINEER (Newcastle).—The Course is interesting and instructive to a degree, and the results are really nothing short of marvellous. Financially it has been the cause of an advancement approximating to 60 per cent.

THOUSANDS OF LETTERS

similar to the foregoing have been received by the Pelman Institute. They prove that no matter who or what you are, no matter what you earn or wish to earn, a Pelman Training can, with absolute certainty, help you. It not only increases your earning powers, helps you to improve your position and standing, promotes your ambitions, and ensures you success, but also helps to increase tenfold the interest and pleasure of existence.

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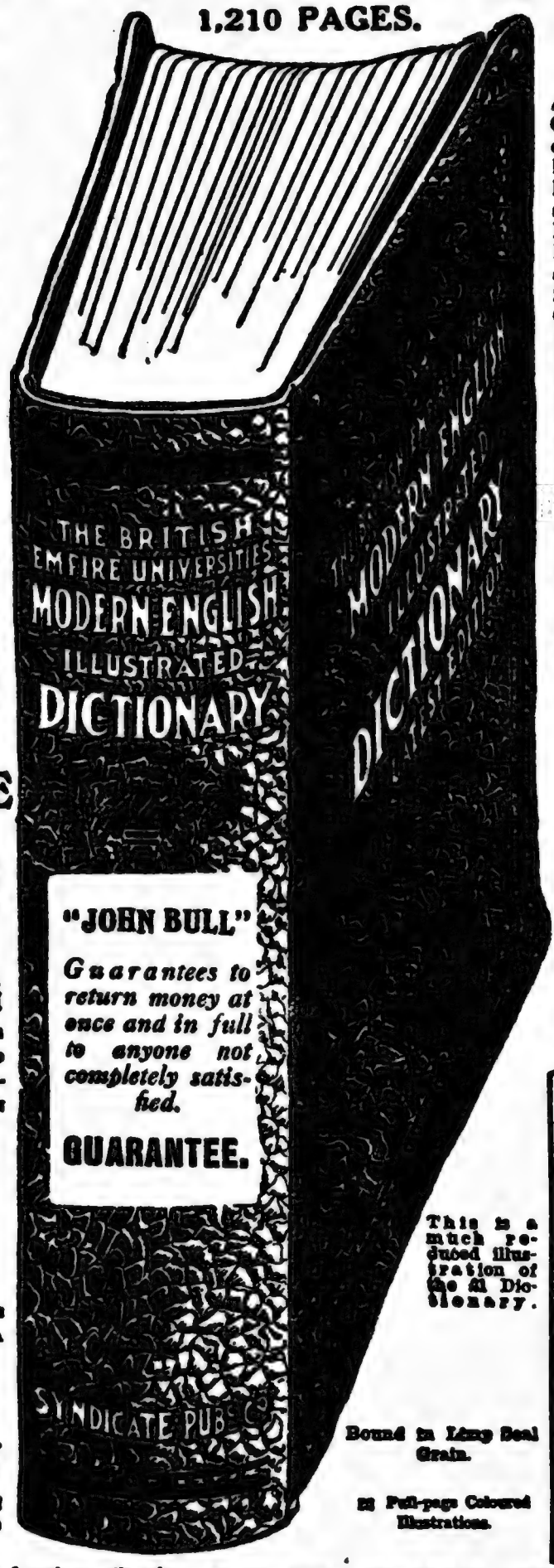

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THE SOUL OF TRAFALGAR.

"BRITAIN EXPECTS"—AND THE PEACE THAT BRITAIN WILLS.

By Theodore Dahle.

THE soul of Britain lives immortal in Trafalgar. Since the threat of the Spanish Armada she had never stood in greater peril. Out of a Revolution which had shaken thrones and nations to their foundations arose a conqueror whose insatiable ambition it was to dominate the world. Britain was the one country whose Tower of Freedom still stood four-square to every breeze that blew. But that was in peril now. "Every other monument of European liberty has perished," was the cry of one of the great Whig leaders. "That ancient fabric which has been gradually raised by the wisdom and virtue of our forefathers still stands; but it stands alone, and stands among ruins." And on the other side of the Channel, at Boulogne, a hundred thousand men were ready to be transferred to flat-bottomed boats for the invasion of Britain. Napoleon was waiting his chance; they were waiting only for the word. "Let us be masters of the Channel for six hours," he exclaimed as he paced the camp, "and we are masters of the world." And between Nelson and Villeneuve it was touch and go. Had Nelson failed, Napoleon might have done the trick. Villeneuve had united his own squadron with the Spanish ships at Corunna. He eluded Nelson and got to Cadiz with the object of joining up with the French squadron at Brest, and smashing the British Fleet in the Channel. Nelson upset the table before Villeneuve could play the trick. He got his man off Cape Trafalgar, and mast after mast of the British line took up that signal which still rings through our Empire to-day, "England expects——." And not in vain. Twenty of the enemy sail had struck their flags when the sun of that great day sank red upon the sea. "England has saved herself by her courage; she will save Europe by her example," were almost the last public words of the great Pitt.

If Germhuny had Been Britain!

The Kaiser is no Napoleon, but if the Little Englanders had been allowed their way according to their say, that Germhun fleet which he has been building ever since the folly of Lord Salisbury gave Heligoland to Germhuny would long before now have starved and left our Motherland, inviolate for a thousand years, at the mercy of Hell's own. Happily, when the hour struck, our Grand Fleet—with the exception of "the contemptible little Army" we landed across the Channel—was the one thing in our military organisation that was ready. Twenty-six months of this appalling war have taught us how near that unreadiness brought us to catastrophe. If Germhuny had been in our position, and we in hers—if she had created a fleet for her defence which placed her in command of the seas—she would never have allowed us to build and build until our fleet had grown into a menace and developed into a perpetual challenge, as we allowed her to do. Long before that we should have been told to stop. If we had not stopped, what we had of warships would have been at the bottom of the blue. Germhuny would have provoked a preventive war; a war to save her peace. If we had used Agadir as Germhuny in our place would have used it, there would have been no war to-day. The Germhun fleet would have been blown off the face of God's deeps.

The Condition Precedent.

Somewhere there is a story of a Germhun Ambassador to this country who complained to Frederick the Great that his allowance was insufficient to enable him to keep a carriage. "Then walk," retorted Frederick, "and if anybody in England ridicules you, tell them two hundred thousand Prussians walk behind you." "As your Majesty pleases," replied the Ambassador, "but England is an island, and has your Majesty made sure that the two hundred thousand can swim?" The Kaiser's fleet, locked up at Kiel, was as useless on August 4th, 1914, and is as useless now, as are his merchant ships interned in neutral countries; and, as the barbaric hordes cannot swim the distance, the Germhun fleet will have to beat our Grand Fleet before a single Germhun soldier is able to challenge a British one on British soil.

"The Freedom of the Seas."

Not less in 1916 than in 1805 is sea power the imperative necessity of Britain. Her fleet is her life. Without it not only the Motherland but our distant dominions would be at the mercy of any Power or group of Powers whose ambition and jealousy forced war upon us. Because of our Fleet Germhuny in this war is being slowly throttled. Because of our Fleet she has lost all, or nearly all, her colonies. Because of our Fleet her commerce on the seas has been destroyed. The Germhun is a doctor who never likes a draught of his own physic. The fate which his brutal and barbarous *Kultur* planned for others is in inevitable reserve for himself, and he is beginning to know it. "Whoso diggeth a pit shall fall therein, and he that rolleth a stone it shall return upon him." The miscreants of Potsdam are now rallying their last reserves with the cry that they are fighting in self-defence and for the freedom of the seas. Britain has maintained the freedom of the seas for nations. The overseas commerce which Germhuny enjoyed in full measure before the war was one of the results of Trafalgar. Had Villeneuve beaten Nelson, it might have been that the mercantile fleet of Germhuny would never have existed. Not a nation in the world but has benefited by Trafalgar. It is doubtful whether any other country would or could have utilised its victory to such universally beneficent ends as Britain. For more than a century now, Humanity and everything for which it stands may be said to have lived in the conditions created by Trafalgar. A Trafalgar won by Germhuny to-day would leave Humanity bleeding in agony at the feet of a pitiless and soulless tyranny.

"Whatever Thy Hand——."

It was the Kaiser who built up the Germhun fleet as a constantly growing threat at our doors. "The future of Germhuny is on the water!" he cried with almost delirious enthusiasm; in the sequel, the future of Germhuny is more likely to be under the water. Certainly, as a military Power, she will find in the end that she has sought the woes of war only to perish in peace. Sixteen years ago Reventlow was voicing the thought of all Germhuns that one day the Germhun fleet would be strong enough to "smash England." That jealous and brutal ambition has brought the British soldiers of the Somme to complete the work of British sailors on the sea. The soul of Trafalgar lives in them all; and to-day the bloody Hohenzollerns and the gang of military and political scoundrels about them, who provoked the war, are fighting with their last breath an unchallengeable Navy and an unbeatable Army. Let submarine and Zeppelin do as they will and what they can. Forward and far we shall go. But "England expects——." The more we each seek our duty, and do it—be our sacrifice of self and selfishness what it will—the farther shall we go and faster. Lift up your eyes, oh, ye people! The night is far spent. The day is at hand. The flush of the dawn is on the eternal hills. And behind them is the peace that Britain wills!

BLOOD-RED TAPE.

THE GRUESOME CAUSE OF OFFICIAL MUDDLE AND DEPARTMENTAL MESS.

By Charles Palmer.

MUST it ever be the curse of government that red tape strangles endeavour and throttles initiative? We are going to win this war, and we shall win it because of the skill of our officers and the grit of our fighting men. If departmental stupidity and Downing Street blundering, if official muddle and bureaucratic mess, could have snatched victory from our grasp, then all would be over but the weeping—the mourning blinds would be drawn down over our Imperial destiny. What is red tape? It is a rank and unhealthy growth which flourishes in the field of the Day-before-Yesterday and waxes strong wherever worn-out methods and old-fashioned ideas prevail in Government departments. We scrap old battleships, but we never make a bonfire of the dusty pigeon-holes of Whitehall, or discard systems that have grown musty with age and mildewed with incompetence. Red tape is a by-word and a reproach in peace time. In war it is a crime and a sham—it is blood-red tape. Lives are sacrificed, homes are made desolate, tears of bitterness and bereavement flow, because Red Tape still rears its ensanguined head.

Some of Its Effects.

Something calls for a decision, some great enterprise demands instant engagement, issues of life and death hang upon a word—that decision is delayed, that enterprise is postponed; death prevails over life, because the word is not spoken. And all on account of red tape—because custom has decreed and immemorial practice has laid it down, that thus and thus only shall the process of consultation and decision be carried out. Piles of Memoranda, mountains of departmental Notes often grow up around a simple request, a common-sense proposition, which in an ordinary business would be settled by the head of the firm or the chief of a department in two minutes. And then, sinister in colour as it is grimly grotesque in its symbolism, red tape—blood-red tape—is entwined, like the brambles which grip and strangle in the witches' forest, around all these reports and comments, these official observations and marginal criticisms, until the original proposal is forgotten and the heart of initiative is killed. That is one form of red tape. In peace it is "the game," in war it becomes a cruel and criminal shame. There is no act of folly, no sin of omission or commission, since war began which can be laid at the doors of Government that is not the ugly child of Red Tape. Think of the list—what a family! The red tape of an effete diplomacy lost us Bulgaria, and allowed Turkey to be drawn into the toils of the Central Powers; the red tape of a worn-out Foreign Office interfered with the might of our invincible Navy, and while forbidding our ships to stop the German reservists returning to fight against the Allied troops, refused to permit the very metal and sinew of war to be made contraband. It was red tape that sacrificed Serbia to the foe and turned Mesopotamia into a shambles for our gallant men—which dug the grave of our hopes in Gallipoli, and made Greece a standing menace to our plans in the Middle East. Look where you will, and the trail of hideous red tape is marked by blood, and strewn with the bodies of men. The machine of war has been clogged with its entwining infamies; the sacrifices of gallant souls rendered nought by its poisonous influences; the very hope of Victory has more than once hung in the balance because all that is stupid and old-fashioned, stubborn and hide-bound, in our methods of government has prevailed over quick decisions and decisive actions. No department is free from the blight and the blame. How some of us fought, in spite of Ministerial denunciations and the obloquy of a partisan press, to secure the internment of the Hun in our midst; how we begged and prayed the Government to cease trafficking with firms of enemy origin and enemy sympathisers, and pointed to the danger and the injustice of making the British tradesman join the Colours while the enemy alien remained at liberty to snatch his business and pile up profits for the foe after the war! How we warned them of the spy and the perils that lurked in allowing highly placed Germans to have the run of official circles and the freedom of society dinner tables! There were those in the Ministry and there were important departmental chiefs who would willingly and readily have taken action. But a forest of red tape had to be mown down before a path could be found—a way to action and reform.

Throttling the Soldier.

After twenty-six months of war, with all the costly experience, and criminal effects, of red tape, it still bars the way to efficiency, and to justice. No ghastlier chapter of muddle-headed mistakes, and cold-hearted blunders, can be found than in the treatment of the soldier, broken in the service of his King and Country. With all history crying out in shame, with the memory of Crimean heroes and South Africa's fighting men to point the moral and teach the lesson, we are to-day faced with stories of inhuman treatment, and cruel hardship, which would be impossible if the human heart and the business head combined to secure fair treatment for the wounded or the broken soldier. Commissions have sat, Committees have inquired, but they cannot find the remedy because they lack either the power or the courage, to attack officialdom—to substitute common-sense for red tape, and reasonable methods for official muddling. Why, the cases which appear in our police courts, quite apart from those that come in their scores to members of Parliament and responsible journals, would be sufficient, in ordinary circumstances, to bring the Cabinet crashing to its fall. And every day, as the tale of casualties lengthens and the hospital trains bring back the gallant fellows who deserve the very best we can do for them, the story is repeated in countless forms—the story of red tape, of interference, of departmental wrangles over cases calling for obvious and immediate decisions, of delay, muddle and injustice.

Robbed Us of Victories.

There are hundreds of men to-day broken in health by service, men who have served us well, yet, because under Providence they escaped a wound, they are denied a pension—they are not even entitled to the Silver Service Badge. Many of them can do no work. Their wives had allowances, which were stopped dead when the husbands were discharged. Red tape—cold, callous, blood-red tape—bars the path to mercy and to justice, leaving open only the road to distress and tears, to poverty and the grave. Is it for this our men have fought and suffered, our women have wept and sacrificed? Red tape has robbed us of victories and put back the hour of triumph. We must see to it that in the name of the King's Government it no longer throttles gallant men and denies justice to the soldier's home. We talk of War Economy. Let us begin by resolving to use no more red tape in Government Departments. We can do without it. And in the New Era for which we all intend to work as well as pray, there will be no place for methods that clog efficiency and for men who do not understand the greatness of our Imperial destiny.

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B	D	F	K	L	M	P	R	T
(	ı	)	–	ↄ	∽	⌐	⌐	⌣

A as in *tape* is represented by a small circle ∘ ı

o as in *so* by a large circle ○ . ş while the short *e* as in *let* is always omitted.

In shorthand the *sounds of words* are written, no notice being taken of the longhand spelling. Thus, *lake* would be represented by the signs for l, a, k ⌒ ; *boat* by b,o,t. ⌣

The circle vowels are written *inside* curves, but *outside* angles caused by the joining of two strokes. Thus,

rake ⌒ . roll ⌒ . wreck ⌐ . dale ⌒ .

dole ⌒ . dell ⌒ . bail ⌒ . bowl ⌒ . bell ⌒ .

fail ⌒ . foal ⌒ . fell ⌒ .

R is added to any stroke doubled in length, as pay ⌣ .

pray ⌣ . bow ⌣ . broke ⌣ . bake ⌣ .

baker ⌣ . fail ⌒ . frail ⌒ . frailer ⌒ .

Now try the following exercise:—

Lake, l,a,k, ⌒ ; lame, l,a,m, ⌒ ; prayed, pr,a,d ⌣ ;

perpetrate, pr,p,tr,a,t ⌣ , rate, r,a,t ⌒ ; deck, d,e,k ⌊

draper, dr,a,pr ⌣ ; roam, r,o,m ∽ ; probe, pr,o,b ⌣ ;

afraid, a,fr,a,d ⌣ ; droll, dr,o,l ⌒ ; trader, tr,a,dr ⌣ ;

pearl, pr,l ⌣ . prefer, pr,fr ⌣ ; maker, m,a,kr ⌒ ;

take, t,a,k ⌒ ; fair, f,a,r ⌒ ; deprecate, d,pr,k,a,t ⌣ ;

mole, m,o,l ⌒ ; crater, cr,a,tr ⌒

Sentences.

Now see if you are already capable of writing sentences. *The* and *to* are denoted by the *t* stroke ⌒, *a* by a dot .

1. The freight came late. 2. Rhoda mailed a better paper. 3. Take care, Fred may break the plate. 4. The frail rope broke. Derek towed the boat. 5. Ada wrote a better letter later. 6. The baker preferred to make a bread loaf. 7. The draper paid the debt.

Key.

1. ⌒ ⌒ ⌒ ⌒ .
2. ⌣ ⌒ ⌒ ⌣ .
3. ⌒ ⌒ ⌒ ⌒ ⌣ ⌒ .
4. ⌒ ⌒ ⌣ ⌣ . ⌊ ⌣ ⌒ ⌣ .
5. ⌣ ⌒ ⌒ ⌒ ⌒ .
6. ⌒ ⌒ ⌒ ⌒ ⌒ .
7. ⌒ ⌒ ⌣ ⌊ .

Further particulars of the system, the classes, the contest, and a copy of the above lesson will be sent free to every reader sending a stamped addressed envelope to

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COMB OUT OF THE ARMY, TOO!

THE SCANDALOUS TRAGEDY OF THE UNFIT.

When the War Savings Committee have finished with their frantic appeals to people to wear their old clothes, and economise their coal, gas and electric lighting, in order that the companies may collar those savings to stuff their own ungodly pockets, they might get on their hind legs and make a frantic appeal to the War Office to stop chucking away public money in training crocks and cripples as soldiers, shoving 'em in and out of military hospitals, and when they are done for, keeping them messing about camp picking up bits of paper and watching the grass grow. Over and over again we have had stories of this kind before us. A certain private joined up on 26th June. On 18th July he was rejected by the Medical Officer as unfit for service abroad and marked for home service. For three full weeks and three broken weeks he was kept at it; then he was knocked up and out and ordered into hospital. Leaving hospital, he was recommended for discharge, and the Medical Board confirmed the recommendation. The rest of the story shall be in his own words. "I have been lying about the camp these five weeks and have been told to-day (4th October) by the Sergeant-Major that my discharge is cancelled, as the Government are not discharging any men now. My complaint is a very weak heart, and, of course, incurable. I asked the Sergeant-Major what my position was, and he told me I was to mess about the camp; so, after being 15 weeks in the Army, and only serving three full weeks, I am being retained to waste the taxpayers' money as well as my own time. I left a business for my wife to look after, and, of course, she misses my help. I am not alone in this affair. There were three of us before the Board, one who has fits, another a withered arm, and myself. We have all been told the same. The one who has fits has not done anything now for six months, only sleep in his tent all day." All which goes to prove that there is room for a great deal of combing out of the Army, as well as combing into it.

OTTO'S OLD TIN CAN.

MUCH ADO ABOUT EIGHTEENPENCE.

Early in the year we made some references to a firm asking for people to "Call on Farmers" to sell its harness oils and similar preparations. Its headquarters are at Warton Road, Stratford, E., while its component parts are said to be "Theodore Stanley, Horace Stanley, and Gerald Francis Stanley, Now Trading as Ceres Works Co., Formerly Trading as Otto Schleicher." Just at present, the Stanleys, late Schleicher, are out after empties. They apply so politely—to begin with. "We are sorry to trouble you again, but as we wrote last it cannot be helped." It is the way one writes to brother Jim, when he has not answered one's last letter. But Stanleys, late Schleicher, soon get to business. "Our firm supplied you with Drum No. ——. . . . The empties have never reached us. . . . These empties have cost us money, and being our property we look for their return or if preferred they can be paid for, 1s. 6d. Kindly choose which method you prefer. It would hardly be policy to compel us to give so trifling a matter into the hands of our Solicitors, but a settlement there must be, and immediately if you please." This pointed appeal ought to suffice; but, in case it should not quite do the trick, Stanleys, late Schleicher, enclose a printed letter, containing tears as well as threats. "It is a matter of Life and Death to us to immediately obtain all outstanding Empties. . . . Unless obtained we must close our Works. . . . 'Live and Let Live.'" Hence those tears. Next is the threat: "Failing, we shall have no option but to follow the matter up, however much against our inclination." It will be seen there is quite a new touch, almost poetic, in these business letters. Alas! that it should be wasted in the present instance. For that eighteenpenny tin can was returned to Otto's agent seven long years ago, and Otto's "successors"—Stanleys, late Schleicher—are only wasting their precious time, their eloquence, and their threats.

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

BULL-DOGGEREL RHYMES BY THE "BOW-WOW."

Hail! Ye who keep the City free
From murderers without pity,
'Tis only right you should receive
The freedom of that City.

The Yankee Bird, too proud to fight,
Allows the Hun to tease him;
The more the Yankee's put to spite
The more it seems to please him.

It seems the Huns already pay
For their All-Highest Sinner,
By having less to eat each day
And growing ever thinner.

Munition manufacturers,
When asked to show their books,
Disclose what fear the prospect stirs
By their averted looks.

The Board of Trade's manœuvres, shown
When urged to give effect
To Paris Resolutions, own
It's not what we expect!

Why should the Irish be allowed
To live in secure ease
While Britishers, who can't be cowed,
Fight for them overseas?

THE TRIUMPHANT T

THE TWO HORATIOS—THE ANSWER TO THE CALL—JACK'S TURN IS OMING—S

TRAFALGAR DAY,

ANOTHER Trafalgar Day; and what a fine and inspiring thought it is that our manhood has proved of the same virile mould that answered the call of the great sailor more than a hundred years ago! As each anniversary comes round of the sea-fight which set the seal on our supremacy on the waters and sounded the doom of a despotism which threatened the liberties of the world, we pay tribute to the memory of a supreme victory and let our thoughts rest on that splendid appeal which has echoed down a century of years—the appeal to the patriotic manhood of Nelson's fleet: "England expects every man to do his duty." In the process of time, we have seen the picture change, the setting alter. The sailor left an imperishable legacy—the memory of wonderful achievement in the face of the enemy, made possible by dauntless spirit and the valour of fighting men. In 1805 England expected, and her expectation was gloriously fulfilled. In 1914, once again she looked with the pride of confidence to her sons, and she was not disappointed. Now it was the soldier who gave the call to arms and to victory. In the strength of his belief in the manhood of the Empire, he sent forth the summons to the four corners of the King's Dominions. "England expects"—yes, Britain expects, the Empire expects—"every man will do his duty." And they have done it—nobly, gallantly, with all the splendour of self-sacrifice and all the glory of death.

The Two Horatios.

Just as Horatio Nelson, dying, knew that the great sea-fight was won—that Trafalgar would stand, so long as British men breathed, as the symbol of our sea-power, and an example of duty well done—so we like to think that Horatio Kitchener, in those last dread moments when the waters were closing over his unquenchable soul, knew that victory was ours, and that he went to join the spirit of Britain's great sailor in the Halls of Valhalla, where rest the heroes of our history—confident that he and the soldiers whom he called to the fight had made our triumph sure. Just as Trafalgar broke the strength of a mighty foe and kept inviolate our shores, so the Marne and the Somme have held back the hosts of the Hun and shattered the dream which was only to be fulfilled when our Allies had been humbled and our coasts invaded. But if our imagination is impressed at the moment with the growing might of our Army in its onward march to victory, we cannot forget what we owe to the splendid fellows who ride the waters and keep ceaseless sentry on the seas. Germany's challenge to us was to have been the challenge of her Navy. For that she had toiled and spent her substance. While our politicians hoped for the best and spoke fair words to the Hun, the enemy's yards hummed with the feverish roar of machinery and the ceaseless beat of the hammer. Like the Emperor whose Colossus stride overshadowed Europe a hundred years ago, the Kaiser looked to the horizon of his hopes and saw "Germany over All." To talk to him of a "Naval holiday" was like whispering to a thunderstorm. He rode the whirlwind of ambition and pride. Only Britain stood between him and all his plans. "Build, build, build"—that was the cry of the criminal of Europe. And he waited for "The Day."

Jack's Turn is Coming.

It has dawned, and it is passing; night, the night of a nation's downfall, of a Kaiser's defeat, will soon be here. With the eclipse of the sun of Germany's ambition will come the splendid day of our Imperial greatness. To the sailor and the soldier be all the praise. England expected—and *the* did. On sea, as on land, the call has been answered with the gallant unselfishness which we know is the same in spirit and in truth as responded to the signal that flattered at Trafalgar. In the ordered course of Fate our Navy will yet be destined to try great conclusions on the waters, and the mighty ships, the iron successors of the wooden walls of Nelson's day, come to grips with the foe in one determined and decisive struggle. "Hearts of oak are our men"—and we who believe in the unconquerable prowess of our sailors and our soldiers know what the verdict will be on that day when Jack's turn comes again—as come it assuredly will; the Hun will be swept from the waters. In desperation of defeat, with his armies broken and shattered, knowing that he must either fight his ships or surrender, the "rats" will come out. We know how our bull-dog Tars will grip them and crush them. Our ships already ride the ocean in triumph. The sweeping from the seas of the mercantile fleet of the foe was a real Trafalgar. While the Dreadnoughts of von Tirpitz scuttled to the Canal, the merchant vessels by which the trade and food of Germany had been carried across the waters hurried into neutral ports or fell victims to Allied might. All that the architects had planned and the artificers had sweated to accomplish failed before the power of the British Navy. "The Day" had come, and "the place in the sun" which an arrogant Emperor had pictured for himself and his people suffered an immediate eclipse. The mastery of the sea was ours.

Jealous of Our Greatness.

But, while we were ready with our ships and our sailors, what of the soldiers and the guns—the men and munitions? Trafalgar built up the tradition of our sea supremacy, now once more to be challenged—our ocean power, our might on the water, there was none to deny—though there came who might dispute. With the Army, the fighting man on land, how different was the story! Thinking, in our insular way, that the waters that lap our coasts shut us off from the fortunes of Europe—believing that because we ruled the waves we should never be involved in answering a challenge by land—we had forgotten the prowess of our fathers in the Continental wars and allowed our martial muscles

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NT TO-MORROW.

OMING—SAILING VICTORIOUS SEAS—ECLIPSE OF THE KAISER'S SUN.

R DAY, 1916.

to grow weak and flabby. But a great Empire has great responsibilities. What is more, it makes enemies as well as friends. Jealousy is the penalty of success—the green-eyed monster glares in impotent anger. And Germany, looking across the water and lengthening her gaze over the Seven Seas, beheld the fairness of our possessions—the immensity of our might—and was inflamed with a bitter greed, an abiding hate. Little need now to picture what would have been had we stood aside in the opening days of Armageddon. We saw the danger, we realised all that was meant by the Kaiser's loud challenge to Europe—and we linked arms with Fate.

The Triumphant To-morrow.

And, on that day, politicians—the scales torn from their vision—looked out upon the Inevitable with the fear born of a sudden awakening. Nought could save *us* but ourselves. England's, Britain's, the Empire's manhood and womanhood, answered the call of duty—and, as our minds float back over the years to the sea-triumph which presaged a long era of peace, we know that by the sacrifices of to-day we are building up a glorious to-morrow. On the altars of patriotism and of Empire we have offered up the priceless treasures of our best blood and poured out the stored fortunes of the years. No call has been made, no sacrifice demanded, that all that is best in our People has not answered with willing hearts and eager hands. To the stupid calumny that we willed the war and only awaited the moment to fall on the foe, we point to our unreadiness in the first days of challenge. The spirit was willing—the determination to die rather than submit to the insolence of the Hun; but the flesh was weak—the power to strike tragically puny. That is where the glorious manhood of Britain proved true to breed. Who would have believed that the youth from the counter, the clerk from the desk, the student from the college, would have joined with the hard-muscled miner, the strong-sinewed factory hand, in splendid competition to bear arms? But England expected—and we did. From city and hamlet, from hill and dale, men poured forth. Their King and Country needed them—and, like the signal of Nelson seen across the waters as his Fleet waited for the word, so the call of Kitchener lit up like beacons the flame of patriotism, heralded the dawn of the Great Endeavour, and pointed the road to a glorious victory.

Eclipse of the Kaiser's Sun.

At such a moment as this we can sing with thankful hearts "Te Deum." Just as Napoleon's dream was shattered, so we see the grim spectre of defeat shutting out the sun on the Kaiser's hopes. "England has saved herself by her courage," said Pitt. If those last uttered words of the statesman were true then, how much truer are they to-day, after the lapse of more than a hundred years! The Empire has saved itself by its courage. Yes, that is the inspiring thought. We were often taunted with decadence and derided as effete. Some of those croakers who, in the words of W. S. Gilbert, are never tired of praising "every century but this and every country but their own," had already pictured the beginning of the end. It is true that peace had softened our sinew and prosperity had overlaid the martial spirit. But, God be thanked, "The Day" found us ready, at any rate to answer the call to prepare to fight! Was there ever such a situation in the history of nations? A great Power—holding Imperial responsibilities world-wide, menaced and warned for years—yet found herself, in the hour of challenge, asleep and almost impotent. Yes, and was there ever in the story of the Ages such a wonderful awakening—so mighty an avalanche of endeavour?

Sailing Victorious Seas.

It is well, now that the Hour of Victory is striking, that we should, in all proper pride, contemplate the splendour of that effort which has called a vast army from the walks of peace, and fashioned a wonderful instrument for war out of the everyday civilian. What Nelson did, and our sailors did, on the glorious 21st of October, 1805, Kitchener, by his magic personality, and our men by their fine spirit, have ensured. We are once more sailing the seas of Triumph. The sacrifices, big and bitter as we know, have not been made in vain; the manhood of the Empire, which has bled and died, has been offered with gay spirit and buoyant soul for a great cause and an abiding ideal. That greatness, as our stricken Prime Minister has told Parliament, "is measured not merely by the costliness of the sacrifices which the nation is ready to incur, but more by the worthiness of the end for which those sacrifices are poured out." The German dared to challenge us, and *we* will enforce the terms of our triumph. There are those who, now that the tide has irrevocably turned, cry out for peace. They were silent when the foe seemed to be pouring in triumph over the fields of war. Now they raise a traitorous cry—for it *is* traitorous to seek to call a halt on our onward march. But we heed them not.

Two Voices Calling.

For, with ears to-day attuned to mystic music, we hear two voices calling us—the voices of Nelson and of Kitchener. To-day, they both stand in the Shadows. Can you doubt that they know all—that they are the sentries of the great God of Battles? The sea, as though to emphasise the emblem of our power, has claimed each of them as her own. It was fit that Nelson should have so died; but think of the mystery of those words, inscribed on the tablet in the room whence Kitchener went to his fate—"*Died at sea*"! *Died*, does it say? No—some men *never* die. And Horatio Nelson and Horatio Kitchener are of that mould. May their spirits continue to guard us!

UNDER-FEEDING OUR WOUNDED.

A GROWING MENACE IN SOME MILITARY HOSPITALS.—REDUCING NECESSARY RATIONS.

By Audrey Burford Foster.

War Office retrenchment may be all very well, but it must not be carried to an extent likely to prove detrimental to the welfare of those brave fellows lying sick and wounded in military wards. Of all people they are the ones who deserve and require plenty of nourishing food to aid convalescence, and hasten on the time when the much-needed services of a large proportion will be once again available. Recently the quantities allotted to each man have been cut; and not only so, but the amount of nutriment due to each has been restricted. Through the substitution of foreign meat for English, and the inevitable shrinking process that results from freezing, rations are further reduced, and it also goes without saying that the actual amount of nourishment apportioned to the patient has been consequently diminished.

"About Enough for a Rabbit!"

In a large military hospital, with the working of which I am intimately acquainted, there has lately been an absolute shortage of supply; the *chef* has experienced the utmost difficulty in making the meat go round. It was customary to serve mixed vegetables, such as carrots, onions and turnips, in addition to potatoes, on alternate days. Now cabbage, being cheaper, has been substituted; but, though comparatively cheap, the supply has been inadequate. As one walks through the wards, many complaints are heard. One man says, "I've had about enough for a rabbit!" It seems to be forgotten that whilst many are on strictly invalid diet, there are numbers who, though in some way incapacitated at present for active service, are nevertheless stalwart fellows, owning healthy appetites. Each man's pudding, whether of rice, tapioca or sago, used formerly to have the addition of an egg, which formed a nourishing and palatable custard on the top. Nowadays, one egg has to be divided amongst four puddings.

Not far from one big military hospital there is a workhouse infirmary, where the tender-hearted Guardians have just decided to issue butter at the market rate of 1s. 11d. per lb. But no such kindly spirit animates the authorities who regulate supplies for our sick and wounded. These poor fellows have to put up with margarine—which, though undeniably wholesome, can hardly by the most credulous persons be supposed to contain anything like the amount of nourishment present in pure butter. Why should not our maimed heroes be treated at least as well as the inmates of the workhouse?

It is scandalous that these plucky boys, invalided in the country's service, should be denied by a cheeseparing policy of so-called "economy" what really reflective and right-minded people must consider to be their just due.

We can scarcely lay too much emphasis on the importance of doing all we can for the wounded, when we consider that these brave men have sacrificed much—left home and native land, many of them consumed with anxiety for the welfare of wives and children, and all of whom are now suffering from a stress of conflict inconceivably great.

False Economy.

To bring such back to inadequate food is not even economy, to say nothing about lack of common gratitude. For what is gained in one way is lost in another: The men must remain longer in hospital. Convalescence is retarded. And the expense entailed by extra detention more than counterbalances any saving effected.

The present system lends itself to serious complaint. Comments are, naturally, multiplying daily—so that it certainly behoves the authorities to take action at once, before the matter of under-feeding becomes a notorious scandal, the echoes of which will ring far and wide.

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With security belt clip and handle combined. With Dry Battery. No. 1632. 4/- complete. Covered hard grain leather in khaki. Nickel-plated fittings. Weight 8 oz. Postage: Inland, 4d. B.E.F., 1d.

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With Dry Battery. No. 1636. 10/6 complete. Polished Mahogany Case. Nickel-plated fittings. Weight 24 oz. Postage: Inland, 6d. B.E.F., 1/-.

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With Dry Battery. No. 1830, 10/6 complete. Canvas bag with loop for attaching to belt. Nickel-plated Reflector with button-hole clip. Weight, 21 oz. Postage, Inland, 4d. B.E.F., 1s.

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We cordially invite you to call and inspect our large and varied selection of Portable Electric Accessories, such as Hand and House Lamps, Pocket Lamps, Torches, Lanterns, Military Lamps, Cycle Lamps, Bell Sets, Medical Coils, etc.

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If you want to be *sure* of the comfort, fit, and service of your underwear, if you want to be satisfied that your money could not have been better spent—wear RAMESES.

Sold everywhere, in Garments for Men and Women.

THE graceful old wooden merchantmen of our great grandfathers' days, and the steel ships of to-day, have both out-sailed and beaten off enemy ships in their race home with the finest tobacco out of Virginia.

TURF Virginia Cigarettes are just this "finest tobacco out of Virginia." Perfectly made, they smoke perfectly, and there is no other Cigarette on the market that has the same aroma and softness as TURF VIRGINIA.

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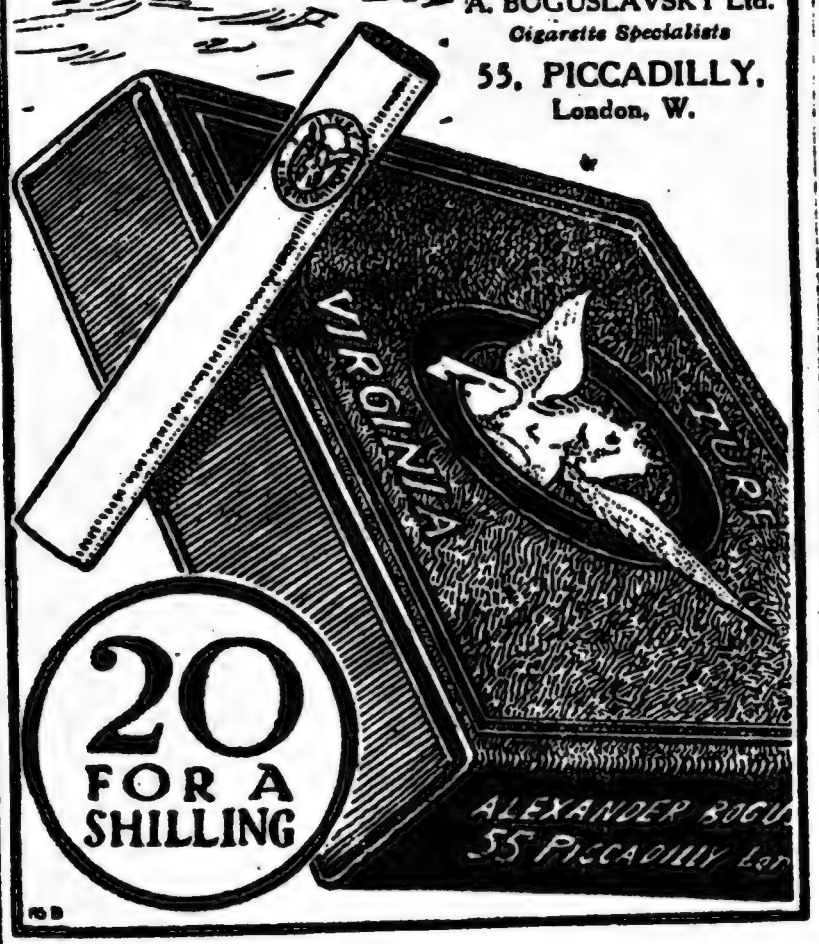

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If you want the best tea, go to the firm that grows it.

An interesting little pocket lecture, entitled "From Tea Garden to Tea Pot," will be sent free to "John Bull" readers on receipt of a postcard addressed to A|G Dept., Lipton Ltd., City Road, London, E.C.

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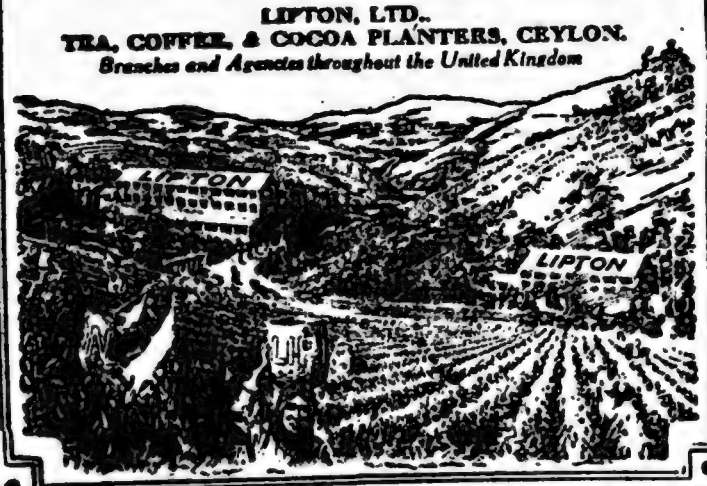

See "John Bull's" Advertisement Guarantee on page 33.

JOHN BULL PENS

WHY PAY FANCY PRICES?

We have been successful in placing contracts which enable us, for the purpose of further advertising JOHN BULL, to supply Fountain Pens to our readers at merely nominal prices. These Pens are unanimously acknowledged to be equal in every respect to the very much higher-priced Fountain Pens so extensively advertised. The "Standard" JOHN BULL Fountain Pen has proved one of the most gratifying advertisements we have ever had and we have already distributed over 750,000 of these Pens to highly delighted readers in all parts of the world.

The Standard Model is highly finished and fitted with a 14ct. Solid Gold Nib, iridium tipped. An Ideal Pen for general use at a merely nominal price which brings it within the reach of everyone. Will be sent on receipt of 1 Coupon and P.O. for 2s 6d., or 13 coupons and P.O. for 1s. 6d. Postage 2d.

The De Luxe Model, made of hand-cut vulcanite, is beautifully chased and fitted with a 14ct. Solid Gold Nib, iridium tipped. Guaranteed to last for years. Will be sent on receipt of 1 Coupon and P.O. for 3s. 6d., or 13 coupons and P.O. for 2s. 6d. Postage 2d.

Coupon will be found on page 28.

Address—MANAGER, Pen Dept., "John Bull," 93, Long Acre, W.C.

SPECIMEN OF THOUSANDS RECEIVED.

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This is the eighth pen I have purchased from you for myself and friends, and can assure you they have given entire satisfaction, in fact, they surpass two others for which I paid 10s. 6d. and 15s. W. GERRARD.

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"ERASMIC" SHAVING STICK

Gives the best service—lasts longer than any other. The strongest & most deeply entrenched beard soon capitulates to its lather. Never fails in its duty.

Price 10d

"ERASMIC" Perfumers, LONDON & PARIS.

Lemonade with Keeping's aid

Made in a moment without any fuss at the cost of *one halfpenny* per glass. Everything you need to make the most delicious lemonade is contained in a canister of FREEMAN'S

GLASS LEMON

"Ready to serve."

No hot water or sugar to be added. Prepared from the choicest Messina lemons and sugar. Just the drink for a hot day picnic, or garden party—children love it—so do adults. Of all grocers and stores in canisters 7½d., 1s. 3d., 2s. 6d., and 10s. Made at Watford in the ideal factory. Write for our "Volume of Sweetness," sent on receipt of a postcard, by the makers of FREEMAN'S CELEBRATED DEVONSHIRE CUSTARD, Victoria Works, Watford.

Freeman's TABLE DELICACIES Watford

See "John Bull's" Advertisement Guarantee on page 33.

A RECRUITING EPISODE.

THE FUNNY ANTICS OF A CHIEF POLICEMAN.

A gentleman at Hastings, too old to fight, but anxious to do something in connection with recruiting, thought it might be useful if he obtained a few posters from the Parliamentary Recruiting Committee and arranged for their distribution in quarters where they might be effectively displayed. Incidentally, two licensed victuallers had agreed to give a "show" to any suitable pictorial placards that could be obtained. In due course, the pictures came along, among them the familiar representation of a recruiting sergeant in khaki uniform, with cane and ribbon, beckoning to the passer-by, and saying as plainly as could be said without words, "Come along and join the Army!" To each of the public-houses this poster was sent; and there the trouble began. No sane person could have mistaken the meaning of the picture, but common-sense apparently is not the leading attribute of the Chief Constable of Hastings, and before long the publicans were ordered to call off the beckoning recruiting sergeant—that is, to take down the posters—for fear any thirsty wayfarer should interpret the eloquent gesture as a timely and seductive invitation to step inside and have a drink! In other words, it was soberly suggested by the chief policeman that the poster was likely to serve rather as an advertisement for the publican than as a call to arms, and, therefore, in the interests of public morality it was ordered to be instantly removed. In vain was it pointed out that from inside the premises the paper recruiting-sergeant appeared to be inviting people away from the hospitality of the bars out into the cold and rainy streets, and on to the Recruiting Office. No such compromise would satisfy the Chief Constable; the poster must go. So it was taken down—and the incident serves chiefly to show what shoddy material sometimes fills the hat of Chiefs of Police. It is regrettable that patriotic work of this kind should have cold water thrown upon it; though we are not surprised to learn that the Whitehall authorities adopted an evasive attitude when asked to express an opinion upon the matter.

A COOL CIRCULAR.

IMPUDENT IMPOSTURE ABOUT THE "BULLETS" £1,000.

A person calling himself Nelson Cromwell—an ultra-patriotic and topical title in these days of national trial and achievement—has made a specially impudent effort in connection with our £1,000 "Bullets" Competition. His address he gives as 9, Bowron's Avenue, Wembley, Middlesex, but he bears quite a different name—neither Nelson nor Cromwell—when at home there. He has been sending out a lithographed circular, hoping it would look like a private letter, and in it he has the effrontery to declare that he has "entered into an arrangement whereby I hope to make *certain* of winning the £1,000." Not only that, be it noted, but he says he expects to secure "at least the £1,000, £250 and £100 prizes." So the man has lots of nerve behind his imagination. He has a friend, he states, who will supply the wonder-working solutions, and all he needs is "the assistance of such as yourself." At least, that is practically "all"—except a fleabite of 10s., which the poor gull is expected to send as "a nominal fee." And he likewise requires "your promise of a quarter share of winnings." It is, of course, a contemptible, fraudulent case of trying to catch something for nothing, for any deluded person stupid enough to forward 10s. to "Nelson Cromwell" may say good-bye to his money and whistle for any return. The dodge of the underlying suggestion that this person or his "friend" is in a position to influence the "adjudication" is cunning, but is false and absurdly untrue. We trust no reader or competitor will ever be caught by this kind of artful chicane, for such tactics never have had, nor ever can have, any chance of success in connection with "Bullets." It is inevitable that, in view of the popularity of our journal, some get-rich-quick charlatans should see in it a channel for their dishonest ingenuity; but, as our readers are aware, no backstairs influence is permitted to have part or lot in the decision of prizes—which are awarded strictly on merit, and the outstanding qualities of which are generally admitted, even by the unsuccessful, as is shown by the numerous letters we receive from them.

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THE CAUSES, SYMPTOMS & REMEDY

CAUSES. Close confinement to stuffy offices or workrooms, or amongst noisy, nerve-racking machinery; the cares of household duties, the worries of business, all tend to lower the vitality of and ultimately to result in Anæmia (Poorness of Blood).

SYMPTOMS. Breathlessness on Slight Exertion, Paleness of Cheeks Lips, and Insides of the Eyelids, Weariness, Want of Appetite, and Depression; all these Symptoms denote the Anæmic condition. Do not neglect them, or more serious consequences may easily ensue.

REMEDY. The only way to overcome Anæmia is to enrich and strengthen the blood. That this can be accomplished by taking Iron 'Jelloids' all doctors agree. When your blood is rich and strong again you will feel energetic and fit, your appetite restored, your colour regained.

Dr. J. M. B., M.D., writes:—"After a long and careful study of the different phases of Anæmia, I find that no preparation is so easily taken by the patient and is so quickly assimilated as 'Jelloids.'"

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For Anæmia in Women.....IRON 'JELLOIDS' No. 2.
Reliable Tonic for Men.....IRON 'JELLOIDS' No. 2A
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Of all Chemists, a Fortnight's Treatment 1s. 3d., Large Size 3s.

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BROWN, JONES AND ROBINSON.

By Felix Claire.

Brown was not keen on it. Truth to tell he had no inclination for soldiering. But when the call came, and men were wanted to thrust back the Hun and win again the freedom of the world, something within Brown woke up, and he said good-bye to his chums, kissed his wife and little ones, and donned the khaki, because he felt it was the right thing to do. During the training Brown missed the home comforts, found the food rather uncertain, and sometimes unpalatable, and the life hard. And in due course he got out to the front, snuggled down in the soft mud, and learned how to dodge the shells. Brown smiled whimsically, and wondered what they would think at home if they could see him, and in his letters he spoke of the exciting times he was having, and of strafing the enemy. At last came the great advance. Brown was in it, and for the time being he had no leisure to remember the old office, and could only give a passing thought to the little family waiting for him back in Blighty. He was busy. Like a seasoned warrior, trained all his life to warfare, he went ahead, passed by good luck through the fearful machine-gun fire, reached the enemy trenches, and set to work with bombs and bayonet till his arms were almost too tired to work any more, and the last German in that trench was accounted for. Then Brown took a few minutes' rest in an ex-German dug-out, lit a cigarette, and spun a yarn to some of his comrades about a humorous incident in his school days. That is all there is in the history of Brown. It is simple enough but—it is the English way!

* * * *

When Jones joined up, he was set to work in the kitchens of a certain training camp. He was a conscientious man, and made up his mind to do his full duty, however menial his position might be, in the interests of the nation. As far as he could help, every Tommy should have his full allowance of good food, and it should be well prepared. Of course, he was only one of many, but he would do his part. He read startling accounts of the enormous and criminal waste of the nation's resources. He read of ships bought at high prices, transformed at a cost of thousands of pounds, laid by unused, and finally half taken to pieces and re-formed as before, apparently merely to spend the nation's money—also of huge stores of expensive material destroyed and replaced by new, simply to conform to the principles of red tape! And Jones decided that for his part he would never be in any degree responsible for such criminal waste. But to his surprise and disgust he found that here in the camp, under his very nose, the same thing was going on! Large quantities of good food were being destroyed, enough to feed many a half-starving family, and he made up his mind that some of it at least should be put to a legitimate purpose. Accordingly, Jones helped himself to a few loaves of bread that were to be thrown on the rubbish heap. And he was caught, and charged with gross infringement of the regulations. His sentence was a stiff one, but his astonishment was stiffer still until a friendly corporal explained to him. "My dear fellow, you mustn't take any notice of things like that. The great British nation is immensely rich, and can afford to do things on a liberal scale, and waste what it doesn't immediately want. You see, it is the taxpayers' money, and doesn't come out of the pockets of the Heads of the Departments, so they can afford to waste materials. You had better just shut your eyes to it; it is the English way, you know!"

* * * *

When Robinson attested and was duly called up, he made a very considerable sacrifice. He had never been robust, but his health was not bad, and while he maintained his regular habits of life he was practically free from ailments. But he knew it was an open question if he could stand the wear and tear. After years of struggling he had worked his way to a responsible position, and was in receipt of a salary of two hundred a year. But he felt he ought to go. Unfortunately, Robinson's fears were only too well grounded. For three months he maintained a brave struggle, but it was painfully evident that the exposure and severe work were telling, and his health was breaking down. Still he stuck to it, until at length the drills and marches became impossible and he was ordered into hospital. Consumption had set in, and what little constitution he had had was hopelessly shattered, so that he could be of no further use. So he was discharged unfit. Robinson had hoped on his return to be reinstated in his old position, but in his debilitated condition that was impossible, and he was faced with the necessity of seeking some other work—light of necessity, and probably menial. But even this he could not hope to do for some time. So he applied for a pension, naturally thinking that the country for which he had sacrificed everything would stand by him in his hour of need, and recognise its moral liability. But he was soon undeceived. The machine which runs the army, called the War Office, knows but little of gratitude or of moral responsibility. He was curtly informed that his illness must have begun before he joined, and was not due to his service in the army. Therefore, he was not entitled to any consideration or pension, and must not look for any! Hard luck, of course—damned hard luck, if you will. Rotten treatment for a man who has given his all for England, and definitely shortened his life in trying to serve her. Beastly hard lines for the man's wife and family, thus reduced to poverty and struggle as their part of the sacrifice. We admit all that. But then you see—it is the English way!

'The FLIGHT COMMANDER'

"I want a cigarette that does not make me nervy no matter how many I may smoke; this is really what every Service Man needs, and when I look over the old bus, before going up to strafe a Zepp or for a little diving or banking exercise, I appreciate a Cigarette that suits me!

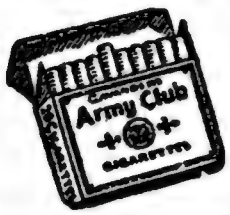
"Now I can recommend Cavander's 'Army Club.' They are large—but not too large—pure Virginia Cigarettes, and have a taste without being strong or heavy."

CAVANDER'S

"Army Club"

CIGARETTES

Prices—9d. for 20, 1/10½ for 50, 3/9 for 100.



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311, High Street, Glasgow.
The Firm of Three Centuries.
ESTABLISHED 1778.
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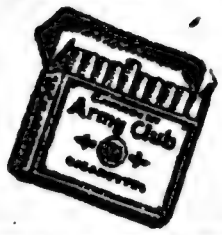

We will post 200 Army Club Cigarettes to Members of the Expeditionary Forces, for 6s., specially packed in air-tight tins of 50's.

A British Lamp—

—the most widely used Lamp in the world. Mazda Half-Watt Type Lamps ensure maximum lighting results.

A World Economy

Made in Rugby, England, by the British Thomson-Houston Co., Ltd.

Sold by all Electrical Contractors, Ironmongers and Stores.

The Advertisement Guarantee is on page 32.

URIC ACID POISONED ARROWS

Get Quick RELIEF To-day

Every chilly Autumn wind that blows carries the sharp and painful arrows of Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Lumbago, Neuralgia, Neuritis, and Rheumatoid Arthritis.

But you need not continue to suffer from the sharp-shooting shafts of Uric Acid.

You can get quick relief—even **TO-DAY.** Get a 1s. 3d. or 3s. package of URILLAC to-day and you will quickly be fearless of the North-East wind and the chilly, damp atmosphere of Autumn and Winter.

Why?

Because **URILLAC** leavens your whole circulation with an anti-dote to Uric Acid troubles, just as the Royal Army Medical inocula-tion renders British Soldiers immune from military epidemics even on the festering battlefield.

So certain are the manufacturers of the anti-Uric Acid properties of **URILLAC** that, if you prefer it, they will send you a free trial supply.

For this send only 2d. stamps for postage.

ABSOLUTELY UNNECESSARY SUFFERING.

Bear in mind, every Uric Acid ache and pain is absolutely un-necessary suffering on your part. You can prove this either at very small cost or—at the expense of The Urillac Co.

The colder weather of Autumn and Winter acts as a tonic to all but the sufferers from Rheumatic, Gouty, Sciatic, Neuritic, and Gravel troubles. To these the cold, damp weather is a period of torture. Every wind is a sharp-pointed arrow of pain. Every rain or snow-storm makes the body a living chamber of torture.

Dissolve the Urid Acid crystals or the Gouty chalk or gravel that is circulating in your blood and settling in your joints, muscles, tissues, or bladder.

Remember—**URILLAC** is made in strict accordance with the Favourite Prescription of a family West-End Specialist in all the Uric Acid and allied troubles already mentioned.

You can get a 1s. 3d. or 3s. package of **URILLAC** to-day at any good Chemist's, including all branches of Boot's Cash Chemists, Taylor's Drug Stores, and Timothy White, or post free from the Urillac Co., 164, Piccadilly, London.

URILLAC Quick Cure for:

RHEUMATISM
GOUT
LUMBAGO
SCIATICA
RHEUMATOID ARTHRITIS
NEURALGIA
HEADACHE
NEURITIS
GRAVEL
and all Uric Acid ailments & pains

FREE TRIAL SUPPLY.

Direct from THE URILLAC CO., 164, PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.

Please send FREE TRIAL SUPPLY OF URILLAC to—

(Enclose 2 penny stamps.)

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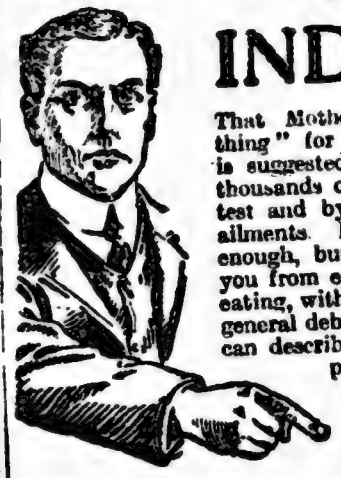
J.B.

FOR INDIGESTION



That Mother Seigel's Syrup may be "the very thing" for you if you suffer from Indigestion is suggested by the fact that thousands upon thousands of former sufferers have put it to the test and by its aid have banished their digestive ailments. Even in a mild form Indigestion is bad enough, but when it fairly grips you, preventing you from enjoying your meals, causing pains after eating, with headaches, biliousness, constipation and general debility, well, only those who have so suffered can describe its torments. Mother Seigel's Syrup possesses such remarkable powers to tone, strengthen and regulate the action of the stomach, liver and bowels—the principal organs of digestion—that *Indigestion* becomes impossible.

MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP

"For more years than I care to remember, I suffered the agonies of acute Indigestion. Often I had the most splitting headaches and a desire to vomit. At these times all I retched up was a water-like fluid. Food, more often than not, I had to deny myself for days together. I lost strength through not being able to take nourishment. A few doses of Mother Seigel's Syrup gave me relief and two or three bottles saw my complete cure. I never suffer now." Letter from Mrs. A. Johns, Aldershot Road, Church Crookham, near Fleet, Hants. Dec. 14th, 1915.

is *"The Very Thing."*

The 2/9 Bottle contains *three times as much* as the 1/3 Bottle.

BRONCHIAL COUGH

Mother and Baby cured by Veno's.

Mrs. Moyle, 35, Beaufort Road, St. Thomas, Exeter, says: "I am ever so pleased to tell you that Veno's Lightning Cough Cure has quite cured my little baby. He was suffering with Bronchitis, and nothing else did any good. Baby was born with a delicate chest, and every week or so would have bad attacks of coughing and wheezing. Often he could hardly get his breath. Poor little dear, it was pitiful to see him struggling, and so shaken with coughing. I tried all sorts of things, but none of them did the slightest good. I had medical advice too, but poor baby did not get a bit better. But at last I got Veno's Lightning Cough Cure, and it was marvellous how baby recovered. A few doses cured him, and he has never had a cough since."

Mrs. Moyle and Baby.

A SIXPENNY BOOK FREE. Write now for "The Veno Book of Health," containing valuable information which no sufferer should be without. Address: Box 456, The Veno Drug Co., Ltd., Manchester.

Veno's Lightning Cough Cure instantly relieves and speedily cures

INFLUENZA, HOARSENESS, BRONCHITIS, LUNG TROUBLES, COUGHS & COLDS,

11½d. a bottle.

ASTHMA, BLOOD-SPITTING, NASAL CATARRH, WHOOPING COUGH, DIFFICULT BREATHING

Larger Sizes, 1s. 3d. and 3s. The 3s. size is the most economical. Of Chemists and Medicine Vendors the world over, including Leading Chemists in Australia, New Zealand, Canada, Africa and India. Insist on having Veno's and refuse all substitutes.

VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH CURE

See "John Bull's" Advertisement Guarantee on page 32.

A TRAFALGAR MESSAGE

FROM COMMANDER BELLAIRS, R.N., M.P.

As a student, let me say a few words about Nelson. I do not dwell on his very human character, except to insist on it as a cause of that large-hearted sympathy and personal magnetism which made his captains "a band of brothers," and his men willing to dare all under his leadership. If we discover little vanities, it is quite enough to say that he was always great in great things. Take him with his strong soul in a frail body, finding no friends to aid his boyish ambitions, and exclaiming, "Well, then, I will be a hero; and, confiding in Providence, I will brave every danger!" This was no momentary emotion, but a resolution consecrating himself to a lifelong task. Said one captain of him as a boy, "His ardent ambition was to make himself thoroughly acquainted with the most minute part of a seaman's duty." This spirit of thoroughness in the boy was the father in the man of that tenacity which made him persevere to success under bitter disappointments, and hold so high a standard of achievement as to say that "had ten ships been taken and the eleventh escaped, we being able to get at her, I should never consider it well done." So far from "luck" being with him, it was against him in the moves leading up to each of his victories.

As illustrations of ignorance of naval warfare and history, I will quote two great leaders of public opinion in recent years who have ventured to criticise Nelson. Sir William Harcourt said that "The nation will never again run the risk which was nearly fatal to it just before the Battle of Trafalgar, when the Channel was left without a protective fleet, the great ships having gone to a distance." Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman spoke of the fleet "having been inveigled away to the West Indies, so that the shores of the country were left practically undefended." Such twaddle from statesmen about sailors causes students to blaspheme. There were sixty line-of-battle ships left behind in home waters, and Nelson, of course, followed *his* Fleet from the Mediterranean to the West Indies and home again, upsetting all Napoleon's plans. Guizot once wrote that a nation is safe in the greatest crisis of its fate if it can remember the guidance that God has given in its own history. England and her Empire will always be safe so long as the people remember Nelson, and face with his spirit the changed circumstances of their time.

Trafalgar spells salvation and inspiration to our people, and Nelson in death gave to his country the finest legacy that ever man bequeathed. He was the embodiment of a nation's genius for ruling the sea, and Trafalgar was both the culmination and termination of his glorious life. The battle was our salvation—for, though the war dragged on for ten years, the victory was the virtual end of Napoleon's contest on the sea, and this island Power, which could not be beaten, became the rallying centre for Europe's struggle after liberty. So may it ever be!

AN INSOLENT OFFICIAL.

OUTRAGEOUS TRAMWAY CIRCULAR.

It is very proper, of course, that in these days—or nights—of darkened streets, Mr. Fred Coutts, General Manager of the Paisley District Tramways Company, should be concerned for the safety of the public, but it is a pity he cannot contrive to be explicit without being rude. In a circular of instructions lately issued by this official to the motormen and conductors of the Paisley Tramways, the following offensive passage occurs:

> As to pedestrians on the road the greatest care will have to be exercised. The gong must be sounded regularly and frequently, as pedestrians may not observe the car coming. This particularly applies to a class who, apparently, through dislike to soap and water, wear shawls over their heads to hide the dirt, and are then in an unfortunate position, neither being able to see nor hear, so that the gong must be struck deliberately hard to try and penetrate the muffling over their heads.

If it has not already done so, this gross piece of impertinence should earn for its author a sharp reproof from the Directors of the Tramway Company, who would, we are sure, be the last to condone a deliberate insult to a section of the Paisley public from whom, after all, no small share of their profits are drawn. There are many respectable women in Paisley, as in other Scottish towns, who wear shawls, and if Mr. Coutts can find no better amusement than to indulge in coarse and entirely gratuitous gibes at their expense, we are sorrier for him than for them.

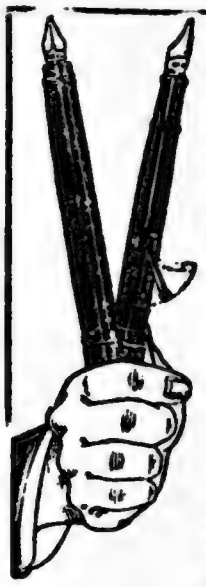
RACING NOTES.

By "THE SQUIRE."

My opinion expressed last week, that the Cesarewitch lies between Prawle Point and Cornsheaf has undergone no alteration, and in choosing between them I now declare myself on the side of the latter, thus putting up CORNSHEAF as the most likely winner. We know she can get two miles, and on her form she is undoubtedly well treated in the handicap.

For the meeting to-day (Wednesday) I like FRUSQUIN'S PRIDE for the Autumn Handicap; CRESSET for Class I. of the Second October Nursery; SCREAM* for Class II. of the same event; PREFERENCE for the Kennett Plate and DIADEM for the Cheveley Park Stakes. To-morrow (Thursday) likely winners are VOLTA in the Challenge Stakes; FRANCIS ARMAND* in the Ditch Mile Nursery; JACK ANNANDALE in the Heath Plate, and ATHDARA in the Prendergast Stakes. On Friday all the proved best youngsters look like running for the Middle Park Plate, and now that her eyes have been opened I think MOLLY DESMOND* will show herself the champion she is supposed to be and win the race for Mr. Gilpin, who trained the winner last year in Argos. KRONSLOTT should win the Selling Nursery, and WORMLEIGHTON the Exning Handicap.

The SPECIAL, dealing in full with the meeting, is now on sale. The next number will be issued on the Monday night preceding the Cambridgeshire, and should prove of great value to backers. Orders should be sent early to Messrs. Odhams Limited, 93, Long Acre, W.C., together with a P.O. for 6d. Wire inquiries must be addressed to me, c.o. JOHN BULL, at the same address.



These TWO

Waterman's Ideals are considered indispensable by many busy writers. The one on the left is the SAFETY TYPE, which can be carried upside down or in any position; the other is the latest type—the LEVER POCKET SELF-FILLER, which can be filled instantly from any ink supply. Ask your Stationer or Jeweller to show them to you.

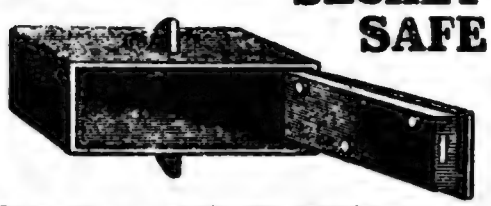
Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

3 Types—Hundreds of Styles

Regular Type, 10s. 6d. and upwards. Lever Pocket Self-Filling Type and Safety Type, 15s. and upwards. Booklet free from—

L. G. Sloan, The Pen Corner
Kingsway, London.

YOU NEED THIS SECRET SAFE



Same size as a brick—fits invisibly into any of your walls—will keep your money, private papers, jewellery, etc., safe from prying eyes or loss by theft or fire.

The size of an ordinary brick, it can be let into any wall in any hidden position (as behind door, picture, furniture, etc.), giving absolute security. It has best hardened steel door, with good six-lever lock (no two locks alike), and has secret device making keyhole practically invisible. Quite easy to fit it in by yourself, or a bricklayer will do it in an hour. The Ideal Safe for homes, hotels, apartment houses, vestries, shops, etc. Made in two sizes: 9 ins. wide, 25s.; 13 ins. wide, 30s. Sent car. pd. on receipt of cash. Money back if dissatisfied & safe returned in good condition within 10 days, carriage paid. Special cement for fixing one safe 1s. extra. Sent without lugs unless specially ordered.

Customer writes: "Am pleased with safe; key ping arrangement is very ingenious." Order to-day, before you suffer loss, or send for full particulars to sole makers—

BRICK SAFE CO., 217, Morville St., Birmingham

PORTABLE CREASER & STRETCHER

Bought by hundreds of Officers at Home and on Active Service. "Exceedingly simple in use and just as effective as the heavier patterns." *Land and Water.*

The "ALPHA" (Patent) PORTABLE Trouser Press **5/-**

Post Free in U.K.; France 6d extra

Easily and rapidly fixed and removed. Hangs in Wardrobe when in use.

Weighs only 20 ozs., and when packed measures 2½ ins. x 2 ins. x 2 ins. Can be tucked into corner of Suit Case.

Cross your Cheque or P.O. "London City & Midland Bank."

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WEAK NERVES.

Health and happiness are impossible where nerve weakness exists. My FREE BOOK (intensely interesting) shows how lassitude, depression, all nerve, stomach, or heart weakness, irritability, brain fag, self-consciousness, etc., may be positively cured, under guarantee. My treatment succeeds when all else has failed. BE EFFICIENT! Stop failing, and become the success you were meant to be. Enclose 2 stamps, mention ailment. Sympathetic and expert reply by return. DO IT NOW!

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Have you bought your A.B.C. Magic Wheel Puzzle yet? If not, send us a post-card to-day and we will send you full particulars of the Puzzle and of the GREAT £500 COMPETITION.

HENRY TREMAYNE and CO.,
34 and 36, Oxford Street, London, W.

Don't Pay Duty on Cigarettes for your Friend at-the-Front.

When you buy cigarettes in a shop and post the parcel yourself, you are wasting money. You are paying the heavy tobacco duty. This amounts to anything from 7d. to 10d. on every shilling's worth of cigarettes, or tobacco you buy and post in the usual way. You can save all this money by sending through Martins. Martins send duty free, out-of-bond, by letter post. This is the cheapest, quickest and safest way. Through Martins you can send 60 cigarettes every week for 1s., *including postage;* 300 cigarettes for 3s. 6d., *including postage.* **Write for free War Booklet M** to Martins, Ltd., 210, Piccadilly, London, W.

Riley's Home Billiards

YOU WILL BE DELIGHTED with a Riley Billiard Table in the home. No matter how small your room is, there is a Riley Table to fit it. Riley's Miniature Billiard Tables give a perfect game, so truly are they proportioned. Seven Days' Free Trial. Prices from £3 15s. The 6ft. 4in. size at £5 15s. cash or 15 monthly payments of 8s. 6d. is suitable for most rooms. Riley's "Combine" Billiard and Dining Tables from £13 10s. cash or in 12 or 15 monthly payments. These prices include all accessories & carriage to any address within 1 mile of railway station.

Illustrated Catalogue Free.

E. J. RILEY, LTD., Manor Works, Accrington
London Showrooms: 147, *Aldersgate St., E.C.*

Recipe to Darken Grey Hair.

This Home-made Mixture Darkens Grey Hair and Relieves Dandruff.

To a half-pint of water add:

Bay Rum .. .. .. 1 oz.
Orlex Compound .. a small box.

These are all simple ingredients that you can buy from any chemist at very little cost, and mix them yourself. Apply to the scalp once a day for two weeks, then once every other week until all the mixture is used.

A half-pint should be enough to darken the grey hair and relieve dandruff. It does not stain the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off. It promotes the growth of the hair and makes harsh hair soft and glossy.—(Advt.)

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BUY YOUR OWN HOUSE

We will show you how to purchase it for less than you are now paying in rent

Booklet FREE from F.G.L./J.B.

CITY LIFE ASSURANCE CO. LTD. St. PAUL ST., LONDON, E.C.

IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

MR. WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST.

"Mornin', sir. . . . *Shavin'?* Yes, sir. . . . American gent, sir? . . . Ah, I thort so, sir. There ain't no mistakin' the twang, sir. It gits yer right in the ear 'ole, so ter speak. . . . *Rood?* '*Oo's* rood? I ain't got no wish ter be rood, sir. It ain't rood ter say the Yankees 'ave a twang, sir. I dessay I've gotter sorter twang meself, sir, bein' a Cockney born an' bred, an' proud of it. I could say things a sight rooder than thet erbout the Yanks, sir, if I 'ad a mind. Spesh'lly erbout some of 'em. There's thet blighter 'Earst, wot runs all them pipers in America—the *Noo York American* an' *Evenin' Journal* an' the *Chicago Examiner*, an' lots of others. I sh'd like to meet 'im on a dark night w'en nobody wasn't lookin'. I reckon 'e's worse then a dirty German. 'E *must* 'ave Anglo-Saxon blood in 'is veins, bein' called William Randolph 'Earst, but it seems to 'ave run to mud, w'ich 'e spits out at the end of 'is pen. . . . You've turned very 'ot sudden-like, sir. I ain't never seen shavin' break a man out into a sweat afore, sir. . . . Oh, it's orl right if it's nuthink, sir. I thort it might be some sorter sweatin' sickness. But I was a-sayin', if there's one Yankee wot the world wouldn't miss (an' there's a good many, reely), it's thet bloke 'Earst. 'E's 'ad 'is dirty knife in England ever since the wore broke out, an' 'e's tried to make out the 'Uns 'ave bin *inlitled* to commit their murders an' outrages on civilians, wimmin an' children! Wot do you think o' thet, sir? . . . Ah! you're silent, sir. Well, p'raps it's wise, seein' as you're American yoreself. But wot can you, in yore 'eart of 'earts, Yankee or no Yankee, think of a man wot sed the Germans was justified in sinkin' the *Lusitania?* Wot do you think of a low-minded, treacherous swob wot printed in one of 'is papers thet "The British Government has kept its military murderers steadily at work, and each day's cables have brought word of killings that would shame savages"? It ain't surprisin' that the British Government 'as at larst barred 'is agents at 'ome 'ere from cablin' official news, to be distorted in America. E's a artful cuss, I know, an' I wouldn't be surprised if 'e come over 'ere 'isself disguised as a decent bloke, an' did 'is own dirty work. If I 'ad 'im in this chair I should feel tempted to cut 'is bloomin' throat! . . . 'Ere! 'Igh! Stop a bit! You ain't paid! I ain't wiped the soap orf! . . . Well, I'm blest! 'E must 'ave bin 'Earst 'isself!

VON TIRPITZ'S DREAM.

At midnight of Trafalgar Day
The sleep in which von Tirpitz lay
Was suddenly disturbed.
He woke, or thought he woke, and spied
A spectral figure at his side,
And sat him up, perturbed.

Not in grim cerements was clad
That spectral form, no aura sad
Oozed from his figure frail;
But brilliant orders, blazing stars,
And scars that spake of olden wars
Announced a virile male.

An empty sleeve hung at his side,
One only eye flashed scorn and pride
Upon the cowering Hun,
Who, as he gazed, and gazing knew
His visitant, felt beads of dew
Down from his forehead run.

"Horatio Nelson!" Tirpitz snarled,
And writhed his bloody hands and gnarled,
And clutched the coverlid:
"Why, hateful Ghost, come you to haunt
One whom no terrors yet could daunt?
Hence, from my sight, I bid!"

"On this, the Anniversary
Of that long past October day,"
The wraith of Nelson said,
"When I, in honourable strife,
Surrendered love, and hope, and life,
And joined the holy dead,

"Who in their country's service fell,
With cannon for their passing bell,
And won immortal fame,
I come to you, whose savag'ry
Has stained God's pure and awful sea
With deeds of loathly shame.

"I come to *you*, at whose command
A murderous and ruthless band
Have strewn the waves with dead—
Not dead sea-warriors slain in fight,
Bold sea-dogs who in war delight,
Nor death nor foeman dread,

"But helpless children, women frail,
Whose anguished and despairing wail
Pierced to my soul's abode,
And broke the term of august rest
With which my passing had been blest
By the All-Watchful God.

"I come to *you*, vile tool of Hell,
Worse than the Devil's self, who fell
From honourable state,
To warn you that the hateful crimes
With which you've stained these latter times
Have earned a fearful fate."

No word spake Tirpitz, who had hung
On Nelson's words; his stiffened tongue
Refused to voice his dread:
And when the Shadow ceased to be,
Von Tirpitz, Prince of Piracy,
Lay senseless on his bed.

W. M.

WHY PAY FANCY PRICES?

See Special Announcement on page 22.

"JOHN BULL" PEN COUPON. Value 1d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 2/6 and loose 2d. stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a John Bull Gold Nibbed Fountain Pen, Standard Model. Additional Coupons up to 12 from "John Bull," any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 1d. off the price. You may send 13 coupons, and P.O. for 1/6 only and loose 2d. stamps for postage. Address Pen Dept., "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. *(Oct. 21, 1916.)*

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

P.O.'s should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed & Co.

STRENGTH IS WHAT YOU NEED.

If you are tired, weak, run-down and lack ambition or nerve force you are running the risk of having a serious breakdown if you fail to secure proper treatment at once.

For those who are suffering from loss of strength or nerve-troubles there is nothing that can equal Sargol for revitalising the nerve cells and bringing strength and energy to every part of the body Sargol has increased the strength of delicate, run-down, nervous people more than 300 per cent. in many instances. It does not matter whether you have lost your strength and nerve-power from overwork, illness, or from business worries, Sargol will bring back your old-time strength and energy if you will give it a fair trial. It strengthens the system and tones it up as no other preparation can.

Sargol is a doctor's prescription, and not a patent medicine. It is so carefully prepared that even the weakest stomach will quickly assimilate its strength and nerve-restoring properties. That is why it is prescribed so freely by physicians for those whose strength is below normal. If you are wondering if Sargol would actually benefit you, why not do the one thing which can convince you—give Sargol a trial? And with your nerves begging you for help and your friends worrying about your condition, why not do this soon?

Sargol is sold and recommended by such high-class firms as Boots Cash Chemists, Harrods, Selfridges Taylor's Drug Stores, Lewis & Burrows, and Wm. Whiteley's. If you do not live near a dealer, send 3s. direct to the

SARGOL COMPANY (Dept. 560),

Carlton House, Great Queen Street, London, W.C.

My Tired Feet Ached for "TIZ."

"How glorious, how grand TIZ makes tired, swollen, sore, perspiring feet feel."

"Just couldn't wait to take my hat off."

Just take your shoes off and then put those weary, shoe-crinkled, aching, burning, corn-pestered, bunion-tortured feet of yours in a TIZ bath. Your toes will wriggle with joy; they'll look up at you and almost talk and then they'll take another dive in that TIZ bath.

When your feet feel like lumps of lead—all tired out—just try TIZ. It's grand—it's glorious. Your feet will dance with joy: also you will find all pain gone from corns, hard skin, bunions, and chilblains.

There's nothing like TIZ. It's the only remedy that draws out all the poisonous exudations which puff up your feet and cause foot torture.

Get a 1/1 box of TIZ at any chemist's or stores—don't wait. Ah! how glad your feet get; how comfortable your shoes feel. You can wear shoes a size smaller if you desire.

GRAVES OF SHEFFIELD

Write for Patterns of Suits, Overcoats, Costumes, or Raincoats; or Catalogue of Ladies' and Children's Wear, Genuine Furs, Footwear, Gramophones and Records, Sheffield Cutlery and Tools, Cycles, Tyres, Workers' Clothing, Household Drapery, etc. J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.

ON EASY TERMS

FARROW'S BANK, LTD.

Incorporated under the Joint Stock Companies Acts.

Authorised Capital - - - - - -	£1,000,000
Shares Issued - - - - - - -	700,000
Shareholders - - - - - - -	4,000

Chairman, Mr. Thomas Farrow.

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF JOINT-STOCK BANKING TRANSACTED.

CURRENT ACCOUNTS opened with £5 and upwards, and 2½% interest paid on approved credit balances

DEPOSIT ACCOUNTS opened with any sum, and interest paid from 3½% to 5%, according to notice of withdrawal.

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Head Office: 1, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.

Branches throughout the United Kingdom.

A. H. & CO.

BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER

The best, strongest & purest in the world

The most economical because it goes farther than most other makes.

FREE TO THE GREY-HAIRED.

Full particulars can now be obtained by readers of a wonderful new method of restoring lost natural colour to the hair, moustache, or beard (discovered by a well-known member of the Paris Faculty). Removes all signs of greyness in a few minutes. Easy and inexpensive. Restores original colour, is long lasting and undetectable. Reduces appearance of age 10 to 20 years. Restores exact shade of hair before it lost its colour. Does not "paint on," but colours each hair from the centre outwards. Washing the hair, perspiration, sun, wind or rain causes no loss of the restored colour. Worth pounds to every man prematurely aged in appearance by white, grey, or going grey hair.

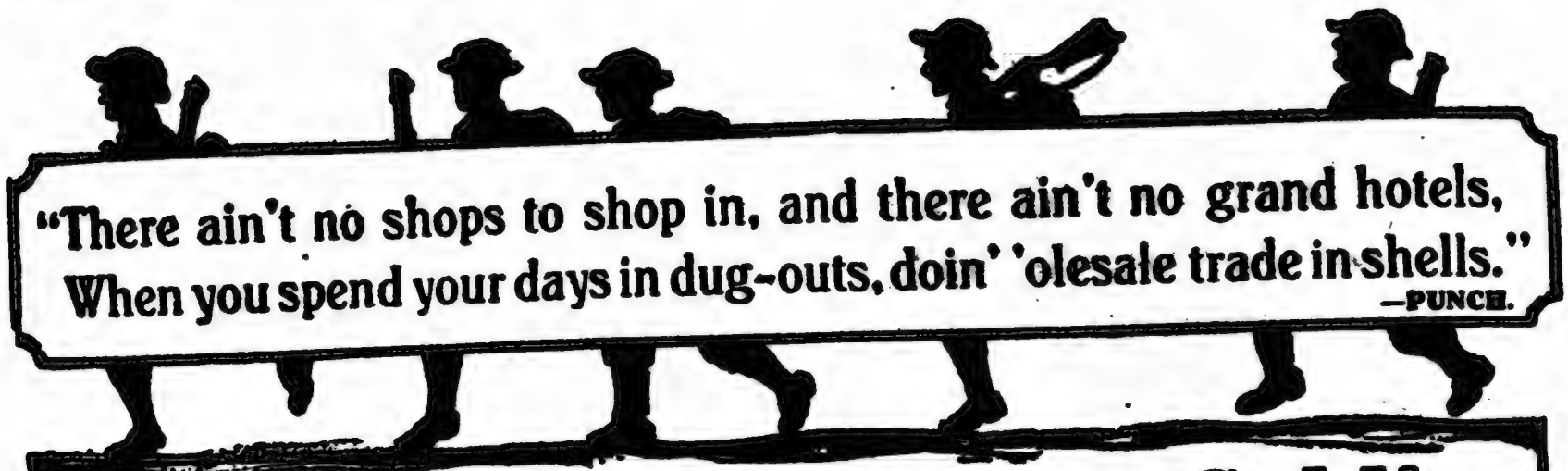
YOU MUST LOOK YOUNG IF YOU ARE TO SECURE THE CHANCES THAT LEAD TO SUCCESS IN THE ARMY OR NAVY, IN BUSINESS, IN THE PROFESSIONS, IN PUBLIC LIFE, AND IN SOCIETY INECTO MAKES YOU LOOK YOUNG.

Dr. R——.
A distinguished member of the Paris Faculty and discoverer of "Inecto."

Full particulars of this valuable discovery sent in STRICT CONFIDENCE in plain envelope on application to Secretary.

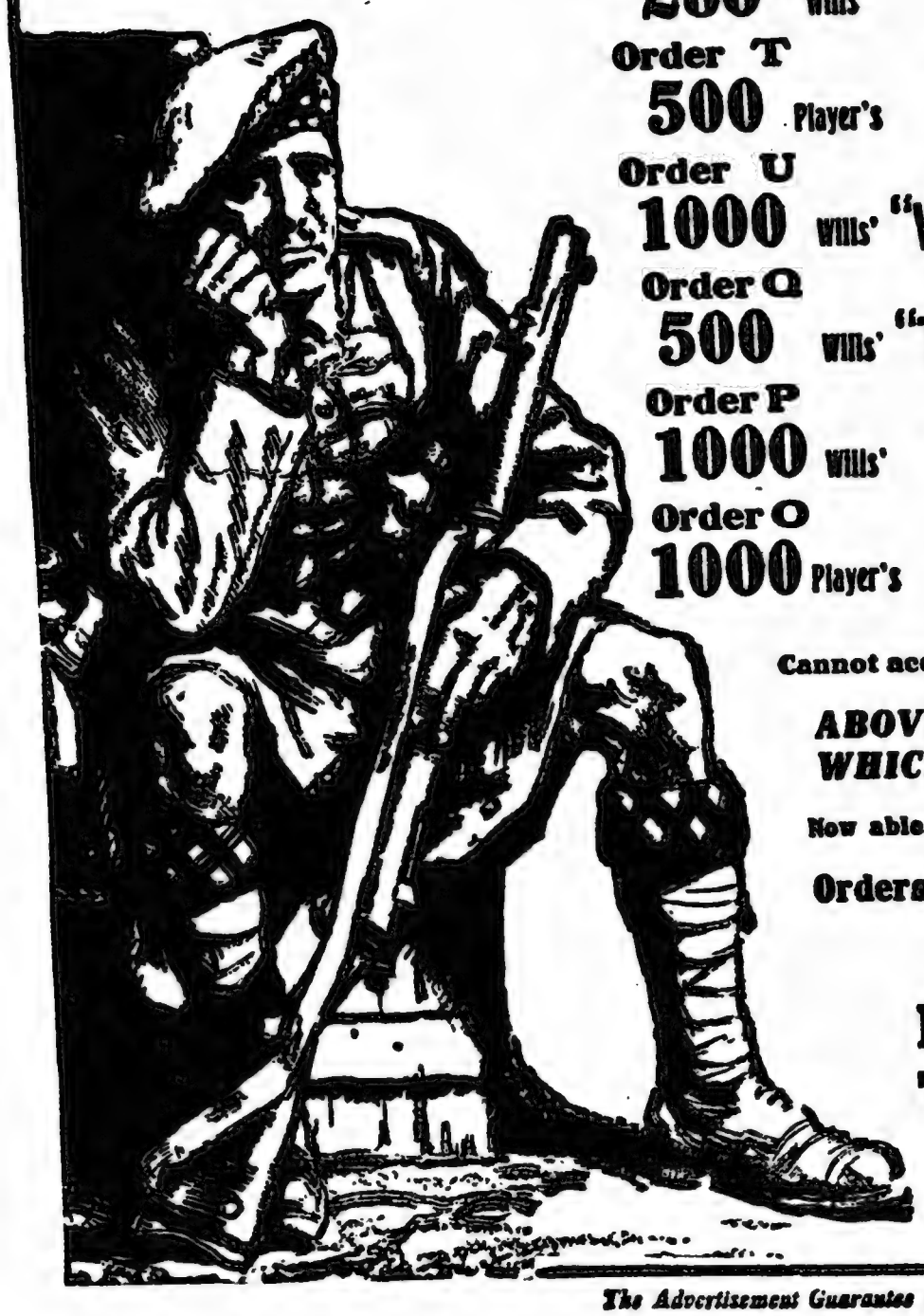
INECTO, Ltd.,
15a, North Audley Street, Oxford Street, London, W.
(Please state if for lady or gentleman.)

The Advertisement Guarantee is on page 33.



"There ain't no shops to shop in, and there ain't no grand hotels,
When you spend your days in dug-outs, doin' 'olesale trade in shells."
—PUNCH.

Direct from Factory to Soldier at the Fronts by Post



Order Z 280	Wills'	"WILD WOODBINE"	Cigarettes	3/3
Order V 280	Wills'	"GOLD FLAKE"	Cigarettes	5/-
Order T 500	Player's	"NAVY CUT"	Cigarettes	8/6
Order U 1000	Wills'	"WILD WOODBINE"	Cigarettes	9/-
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Cannot accept orders for smaller quantities than above.

ABOVE PRICES INCLUDE POSTAGE WHICH ENSURES QUICK DESPATCH.

Now able to forward to India also. Write for particulars.

Orders may be Handed to any Tobacconist

OR POSTED DIRECT TO

BRITISH - AMERICAN TOBACCO CO. LTD.,

(EX. Dept.) Westminster House,
No. 7, Millbank, London, S.W.

The Advertisement Guarantee is on page 33.

TOMMY'S AND JACK'S PAGE.

A WEEKLY TRIBUNE OF THE SOLDIER AND SAILOR.

OUR PLEDGE:
"No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean cheeseparing, shall go unchallenged and unremedied."
Horatio Bottomley in JOHN BULL, *12th August, 1916.*

A Cry from the Desert.

A few weeks ago the Sussex Yeomanry, who are in Egypt, had to pack up quickly and do a twelve-mile forced march. It happened that the men had just washed their shirts and socks, which were hanging up to dry and could not be taken away. When the next kit inspection was made, each man was compelled to pay for a new outfit. We wonder who got the old goods, and why someone was not ordered back to the original camp to get them.

Concerning Our Work.

Daily, we are pleased to say, we rectify by correspondence errors in Pay Offices from which the wives and children of our men suffer—our efforts being heartily assisted by the Paymasters and their Inspector-General. The matter of pensions is now becoming acute, and if any man or any dependant has a grievance to air in this connection we ask him to write to us. If anything is wrong, it will be righted at the earliest possible moment. JOHN BULL will keep to its engagements.

Uniformed Bullies.

Shelves are, of course, provided in the huts for the use of the men. Many of the half-starved soldiers, bilked out of their rations, are compelled to purchase food outside, and naturally they place the remnants on these shelves. But this arrangement often does not meet the views of their Company Officers, who, when they make their daily inspection, take the food and throw it on the floor to be trampled upon. The complaint is a widespread one affecting many battalions, and it goes far to account for the unsoldierly feeling which exists here and there.

Sufferers at Sheppey.

The island of Sheppey is down Sheerness way and is just now a very close borough. Our Military Commissioner, however, visited it the other day to have a look at the old crocks who are of no use to the Army and would, indeed, be of little use in civil life. The place swarms with them. It is grimly humorous to see the ancient warriors going through their gymnastics, some of them in slippers with holes in them, and one pities the poor chaps as they double about the barrack square, which is plentifully covered with loose stones. The victims do not like it, and find no cheer in the official assurance that the exercise must make them feel ten years younger. The bayonet practice and trench jumping are also things to see. No wonder Charlie Chaplin is rather on the wane in public favour.

Moved at Last!

Our men read the little pledge which appears at the top right-hand corner of this page. It is a big undertaking on our part, as it brings us up against a hidebound organisation; but we are redeeming it in many ways. We have fought hard for the nerve-shattered wrecks discharged from the Army with a pension of 4s. 8d. a week, and we are glad to see that we have succeeded at last in awakening the War Office. In future, if the 4s. 8d. is not adequate—and in what instance can it be?—the ex-soldier will be granted a gratuity of £50, increased in special circumstances to £100. We have also fought for the Warrant Officers and N.C.O.s commissioned from the ranks. In the majority of cases, the acceptance of the step meant something like starvation for the men's dependents. We see that a gratuity of £300 will now be granted to each of such men. Good! Two for JOHN BULL.

Regarding Pensions.

None has worked harder than ourselves to get the tangled skein of the pensions question unravelled. We have attacked the matter week after week, and welcome the announcement—also very belated—that the administration of all war pensions is to be placed under one central authority. The soldiers' discharge forms, too, are to be post-dated—so that a man will receive his allowances and pay until his pension is fixed. Another for JOHN BULL. We congratulate the authorities—and the men—on the fact that the administration of the new department is to be in the hands of the present Inspector-General of the A.P.D. General Carter succeeded in the seemingly impossible task of organising our pay machinery.

The Brutal Drillman.

Some of the men now joining the Colours—professional men, merchants and the middle-classes generally—naturally feel aggrieved when placed under a Drill Sergeant who possibly before he joined the Army, many years ago, moved in a sphere in which manners were rough and language rougher still. In a camp down South the other day one of our staff heard the following harangue, addressed to fine chaps by their mentor: "Now then, you —— loafers, the best thing you can do is to give up thinking of home, for you will never see home again. And remember, you are not going to be —— street corner loafers again, for I mean to have the blood running out at the lacholes of your boots before I am finished with you!" We may be hard up for Drill Instructors, but, in the name of Heaven, why doesn't the Army Council take steps to have such bullying ruffians kicked out of the Service?

Closing up Catterick.

We are afraid that we are a nuisance to some Generals and Brigadier-Generals, but we cannot help it. A few weeks ago, after a member of our staff had undertaken the dreary journey to Catterick Camp, we spoke our mind in regard to that far from salubrious spot. As a result, an order has been posted forbidding anybody not in possession of a special pass to enter the camp! That is as it should be, as some German spy might get in and send news to Berlin that would cheer the Kaiser up in this his dark hour. All the same, we think we shall be able to keep ourselves fairly well posted in what goes on at this "home from home."

Rather a Puzzle.

From all over the Fleet we have had an inquiry as to why pressed men should receive more money than the old hands. We give it up. It is a fact that youths of eighteen are, as a rule, paid about 4s. a week more than the finished Bluejacket, whom we all admire so much. This is a matter for the Admiralty, and the sooner it is dealt with the better.

On Behalf of the Marines.

There are some boys of the Royal Marines in the Orkney Islands. On their behalf we are asked to voice a complaint that they have been denied their issue of tobacco. We hope that prompt investigation will be made into this allegation.

Mrs. Jack and Mrs. Tommy.

While Parliament are burying themselves with Service matters, we should like them to take up the case of the difference in the treatment of the sailor's wife compared with that of the soldier. The wife of a petty officer at sea (corresponding to an Army Corporal) receives 9s. a week, as against 12s. 6d. For rank in the Navy equivalent to that of Sergeant on land 9s. 2d. is granted—which is obviously unjust when placed alongside the Army woman's 15s. A naval dependent with three children is handed 19s. 6d. a week instead of 23s.

Concerning the Small-Craft Men.

We have a regard for the men who run our trawlers and all the other small-craft watching round our coasts. Their grievances would, we regret to say, fill this page many times over. Mr. Balfour is earnestly desirous that every man should be well treated, and we therefore suggest that he should inquire into the condition of things—especially as regards the victualling. If the Admiralty does not remedy matters they should candidly admit that the whole thing is beyond their power.

If in doubt about your pension, naval or military, "Write to JOHN BULL about it." Since the beginning of the war we have handled this question with success. Our Service Editor knows the ropes, and all inquiries receive adequate attention. When complaints about pensions are sent to us, he deals with them personally, direct with Headquarters; and it is our pride that his labour has invariably met with success. Nothing is too much trouble for us—we are determined to carry out our pledge to Tommy and Jack.

MISSING MEN.

We would welcome news of the following:

Pte. H. Clark, 5210, Manchesters; Rfn. Wm. Grattan, 4838, D Coy., King's Liverpools; Pte. J. George, 10034, D Coy., 6th Lincolns; Gr. G. E. Bassett, 33617, H.B., R.G.A., I.E.F.; Sergt. J. G. Coop, 1406, D Coy., King's Liverpool Regt.; Pte. H. S. Spooner, 5426, Herts. Regt., att. to Glosters; Pte. S. Garnall, 45th Batt., 5th Reinforcements, Aus. Imp. Forces; Pte. C. Aylett, 15838, B Coy., 1st Middlesex; Pte. H. Powell, 822, D Coy., D.L.I.; Pte. R. Beaton, 13824, B Coy., Royal Scots Fus.; Pte. D. Henderson, 11089, East Yorkshires; Pte. W. E. Ward, 15342, C Coy., S.W.B.; Pte. C. Meakin, 18462, Grenade Coy., 4th Sec., 6th Bde. Hdqtrs., King's Liverpool Regt.; Pte. F. C. Morgan, 5195, C Coy., London Scottish; Sub-Lieut. Karl Penrose, Sherwood Foresters; Cpl. B. C. Bland, 93, B Coy., Leeds Pals, West Yorks. Regt.; Pte. W. T. Naylor 10691, M.G.S., Manchester Pals Regt.; Pte. J. W. Morbray, 105, C Coy., Tyneside Scottish, Northd. Fusrs.; Pte. R. Elliott, 17319 L.T.M. Battery, 70th Infantry Bde.; Sapper C. E. Lowe, 1130, 1-2 Coy. Durham R. E.; Pte. J. P. Sinclair, 19640, D Coy., Royal Scots.; Pte. G. Deeming, 22516 A Coy., 1st Border Regt.; Pte. F. Franks, 14843 L. G. S., F Coy., Essex Regt.; Pte. J. Devlin 16063, D Coy., H.L.I.; Pte. W. E. Chandler, 14032 Northamptonshire Regt.; Pte. H. Hinchley 27328, Manchester Regt.; L-Cpl. R. Williams 16297, D Coy., Royal Welsh Fusrs.; Pte. L. Hey 11499, Duke of Wellingtons; Pte. A Anderson 595, D Coy., Northd Fusrs.; Cpl. J. Goodall, 2106 B Coy., 9th Royal Scots.; Pte. J. McClymont, 239 D Coy., Scottish Rifles; Pte. D. Hennefer, 24146, B Coy., Lancs. Fusrs.; Cpl. E. R. Turner, 3036, B Coy., 13th R. Sussex; Stoker J. Willis, Mess 2 H.M.S.T.B. *Flying Fish*; Pte. R. Clarke, 12669, B Coy., Royal Irish Rifles; L.-Cpl. F. W. Gumm, 11858, King's Royal Rifles; 2nd Lieut. G. 'A Simcock, Cheshires; Rfn. W. Whale, 1431, Y. C Coy, K.R.R.C.; Pte. W. Hogarth, 23335, A Coy Border Regt. (Lonsdales); Pte. W. Tomlinson C Coy., 1st Cameron Hdrs.; Pte. T. West, 16653 C Coy., 8th K.O.Y.L.I.; Pte. E. Kent, A Coy. R. W. Kents.

MARVELLOUS VICTORY OVER VARICOSE VEINS

The Wonderful New "Spirastic" Supports.

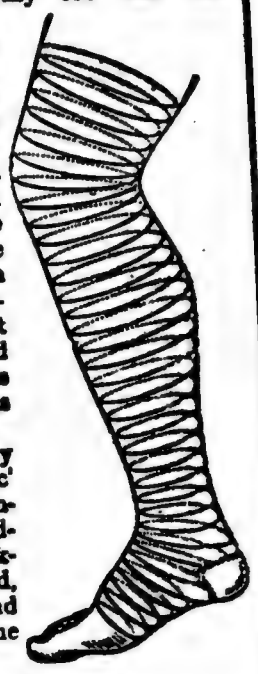
OLD-FASHIONED DANGEROUS ELASTIC STOCKINGS ENTIRELY SUPERSEDED.

A well-known Manufacturerer of Surgical Appliances has made a marvellous discovery which entirely revolutionises the treatment of Varicose Veins.

For the first time it is now possible for the sufferer from this most painful and dangerous ailment to go about in perfect comfort and at the same time to so strengthen the parts that a complete and permanent cure is ultimately assured.

NO PAIN OR PRESSURE.

As Mr. Cooper says, "Every sufferer from Varicose Veins knows only too well the clumsy and painful nature of the ordinary elastic stocking, but few realise that there is a grave danger in wearing these appliances.



"Ordinary elastic stockings are made with harsh, coarse ribs at the back and sides, and these constantly pressing upon the distended blood vessels may at any moment set up Inflammation and Ulceration, and thus cause the Varicose Veins to burst.

"Now, however, by my wonderful new 'Spirastic' method, the hard, dangerous seams of the old-fashioned elastic stockings are entirely abolished, and perfect comfort and support are given to the limbs."

FITS LIKE A GLOVE.

The new "Mecca" 'Spirastic' Supports, as clearly shown in the accompanying illustration, are woven on a similar principle to "puttees," which any soldier will tell you are the only possible leg supports for long marches. Fitting with the softness of a kid glove, they neither press, pinch, nor cut the limb, nor do they wrinkle or lose their elasticity. They cost no more than the ordinary hard-ribbed stocking, and yet will last at least three times as long.

ILLUSTRATED PARTICULARS FREE.

If, therefore, you suffer from Varicose Veins, Loss of Power in the Legs, Weak Knees, Swollen Ankles, Pain when walking or standing, write at once to Mr Cooper, on the Coupon below, for free Illustrated Booklet fully describing this wonderful invention. Immediately you receive it you will realise why the "Mecca" "Spirastic" Supports give greater comfort and freedom from pain and eventually effect a complete and permanent cure.

Mr. Cooper can be seen daily, except Saturdays, from 11 to 1 and 2 to 3.

Cut along this line.

To Mr. D. M. COOPER,
Manufacturer of Surgical Appliances,
Dept 647, Holborn Hall, London, W.C.

Dear Sir,—Please send me full particulars of your new discovery for the complete and permanent cure of Varicose Veins.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

IMMEDIATE HELP FOR DEPENDENTS OF OUR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

The object of our present Fund is to afford immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors now fighting for their country, and who, owing to invidious inquiries and red-tape officialism, are stranded for want of money. We do not trouble ourselves about marriage or birth certificates, or clergymen's references, or anything of that kind; but whenever we find the dependent of a soldier or sailor in distress and unable to procure assistance from official funds, we at once do what is in our power—giving anything from 10s. to £5, according to the circumstances of each case. We also, in exceptional instances, make grants to civilians suffering from the effects of the war. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses. We give below a synopsis of a few typical cases relieved during the past week.

The wife of the newly-enlisted man, the issue of whose separation allowance is delayed, should note that to get it she has merely to go to the local Secretary of the War Pensions Committee, whose name and address she can obtain at the Post Office or Town Hall. We are glad to learn that the organisation of local Committees throughout Great Britain is now complete. They have power to supplement separation allowances, to assist widows and children where pensions are inadequate, and to give help in other forms. Were these facts more widely known, the applications to us for help would greatly diminish.

A broken-down soldier ventured to eke matters out by embarking in the business of kerbstone merchant, ignorant of the fact that he must have a licence. He got into trouble, but we made matters straight for him, in addition to finding for him the necessary fee.

Another man was starving in the London streets, without even the rent of a Rowton House cubicle in his pocket. We have provided for him for some time.

The nation is not carrying out the promises it made to our soldiers in the first weeks of enthusiasm, when the war started. Otherwise, we should not have so many applications from men who fought for and went down for us, and who now send appeals from the workhouses, Salvation Army shelters and Rowton Houses. The bulk of the Light Brigade heroes, famed in song and story, were a few years ago taken out of the poorhouses to be banqueted for one evening in the year in the Queen's Hall. We remember that we promised our present soldiers that this humiliating experience would not be repeated. What has the Empire to say about it?

A Tommy who had served in the old school re-enlisted at the age of 50. The spirit was willing but the flesh was weak, and the patriotic chap cracked up, with the usual result. He has two sons serving, and there is illness among his young children at home. We immediately took the case in hand.

A hero of the trenches obtained leave to come home to his wife, who is suffering severely and not likely to live. There are three young children, but the woman's illness had drained her resources. When the soldier returned, he found the house in a miserable state; the matter was brought to our notice and we did our utmost.

One of the numerous pensionless men was sent home from camp with acute rheumatism, due to sleeping in a leaky tent, in his rainsoaked uniform. It will be long before he is able to work, and we are helping in the meantime.

A soldier in the trenches wrote on behalf of his aged mother, who is bedridden, and has only an invalid daughter to assist her. He spoke touchingly of her suffering, grey hairs, and want, and, as will naturally be concluded, we took immediate steps to help the woman and bring happiness to her soldier-son.

During the week we have had placed before us the usual cases of soldiers' wives and children who died uninsured, and were in danger of being buried at the expense of the parish—from which contingency we saved them.

The Rate Collector is dreaded by the average soldier's wife as much as our troops at the front are dreaded by the Huns. Day by day we have visits from unhappy women, who find it hard enough to keep themselves in food and fire on the pittances allowed by the Government, but who are pursued, harried and summoned by the Councils—the Magistrates, of course, upholding the authorities. We give all the help we can, and should like the authorities to follow our example.

WAR RELIEF FUND SUBSCRIPTIONS.

WON'T *You* HELP?

"A Ratepayer," 10s.; "Wellwisher" (Brixton), 2s.; "Mullingar," 10s.; "Admirer," 5s.; H. V. R. (Plymouth), 1s.; A. McC., 1s.; J. F., 1s.; "Pimpernel" (Hackney), 2s.; "Le Rire," 2s. 6d., "A Scot," 2s., C. J. R. (Cardiff), 1s.; J. and J. A. (Alexandria), 5s.; C. T. (Birmingham), 2s. 6d.; "Three Subscribers, H.M.S. *Seahorse*," 6s.; "A Bullets' Competitor" (Harrogate), 5s.; A. A., 1s.; J. H. (Fulham), 2s.; A. G. (Seacombe), 2s.; "War Time," 1s., C. E. B. (Leigh-on-Sea), 2s. 6d.; G. A. L. (Natal), 30s.; "Inasmuch," 2s.; J. H. N. (Kells), £5; "A Working Lad," 1s. 6d.; "Collected amongst Employees of Messrs. Short Bros., Eastchurch" (per W. F and E. S.), 26s.; "Ivy Mary," 3s., E. S. M. (Hounslow), 2s.; A. G. (York), 1s., "2345's Girl," 3s.; G. W. D., 2s. 6d.; M. O., 1s.; E P S. (Hove), £5; "Kat's Eye," 1s.; H T., 2s. 6d.; A. G. P., 5s.; A. S. W., 1s.; M. G. W. (Scotland), 2s.; G. H. J. (Bowes Park), 10s.; S. R. F., 1s. 9d.; Collected on board s.s. *Eskmere* (per P. M.), £4 6s. 9d.; "An 8 Years' Reader," 1s.; A. C. B. (Sask.), 1 dollar; K. P., 2s.; M G. M., (Wangford), 5s 6d.; European Drivers, Kuala Lumpur Shed, F.M.S. Rlys. (8th subscription), £3 10s. 6d.; "Baby Brafield" (India), 3s.; "Kenilworth," 1s.; R A., 5s.; Weekly Collection, C P. S. (Woolwich Arsenal), 7s 6d.; "A Well Wisher," 1s.; "All Alone," 1s.; "Horace and Ada," 2s.; J. W. L., 1s. 3d.; "Welshwoman," 5s.; A. C., 1s.; M. F., 2s 6d.; "T" (Moorgate St.), £1; N T., 10s.; H. C., 2s., R. J. W. (Leeds), 5s.; "34185's Girl," 1s.; "Mobs," 10s.; K R R. (B.E.F.), 1s 6d.; Collection (per J. K.), 12s.; "24185's Wife," 4s.; "Old Bob Green" (B.E.F.), 2s.; "Villager," 1s.; G B., 1s.; "Little Johnnie," 8s., W N S., 2s 6d.; "Gargle," 1s. 6d.; J. O. (Whitefield), 2s.; N.C.O.s R.E., B.F. Salonica, £1; Proceeds of Whist Drive, A.O.C. (per A L.), £2. Collected by Stewards of s.s. *Llanstephan Castle*, 15s 6d.; W H. S. (Hove), £1 0s. 1d.; S. L., 5s.; "One Tenth," 1s.; Pte T S H., 6d.; L. O. (Dublin), 2s 6d.; A N (Bexley Heath), £1; C. T. (Marsh), 1s., C L (Belfast), 5s.; "Robin," 2s 6d; J F. (Shooter's Hill), 10s.; "Taxi Driver 5272," 2s Mrs Low, the winner of the first prize in our 207th "Bullets" Competition, has kindly sent us £5.

COLLECTING BOXES.

Marseilles.—Messrs. Gorton and Pratt, 6, Rue de la Tour, 16s.

Brighton.—Mr. W. D. Barker, 92, Preston Drive, 8s.; Mr Sutton, Roundhill Tavern, Ditchling Road, 2s. 6d.; Messrs. Mantell and James, 1 and 2, Arundel Road, Kemptown, 5s. 7½d.; Mrs. Abnett, 21, Bennett Road, Kemptown, 3s. 2½d.

London.—Messrs. E. and J. Jarvis, 88, South Ealing Road, South Ealing, 4s. 2d.; Mr R S. Tolputt, "The Crown," Crown Court, Fleet Street, 2s. 8d.; Mr A. Stribling, "The Carlton," Carlton Vale, Maida Vale, 2s. 9½d., Mr M. A. Gitton, "Rose of Denmark," 822 Roman Road, Old Ford, E., 10s. 1d. Messrs Mace, Rainbow and Stone, 9 and 2, Gravel Lane, Houndsditch, 2s. 6d.

Get back to Health & Strength

by the aid of Hall's Wine—the great tonic restorative. If suffering from nerve exhaustion, if enfeebled by strain or shock, Hall's Wine will help you. It vitalizes and enriches the blood, which in turn nourishes and strengthens the nerves.

If worn out through overwork, Hall's Wine will give new life and vigour, and all the qualities needed to endure. To-day, Hall's Wine is of national benefit. Thousands use it who could not keep up the battle of life unaided. The testimony of users shows that it is greatly appreciated.

"A case that seemed hopeless."

"I was in a serious condition of nerves and weakness. My case seemed hopeless. I tried Hall's Wine, and after one wineglass I felt my strength returning, and am now fit enough to return to work."—*Letter on file.*

Hall's Wine

THE SUPREME TONIC RESTORATIVE

GUARANTEE: If after buying a bottle of Hall's Wine and taking half of it you do not feel real benefit, return us the half-empty bottle, and your outlay will be refunded.

Price 3/9 Large Bottle

Wine Merchants, Licensed Grocers, etc.

STEPHEN SMITH & CO., LTD., BOW, LONDON.

P. Pat. 11638/16.

A Watch-protector that SHOWS the time — not hides it

This *improved* watch-protector reveals the time in any position, yet protects perfectly. It fits any wrist watch, — once fixed you need not touch it.

Telephoning, writing, driving — whenever the hands are employed, turn your wrist and the time is before you.

WRIST WATCH "Mesh-Guard"

REG'N'D 70

Have one fitted to-day—then the first fall or squeeze your watch receives the 'Mesh-Guard' has paid for itself.

Insist on the 'Mesh-Guard.' British-owned and British-made. Sold by leading Jewellers everywhere. Nickel or Khaki 1/-; in Rolled Gold or Hall-marked Silver 2/6

If any difficulty in obtaining, please send your name & address to the 'Mesh-Guard' Advertising Dept., 10-13, New Bridge St., London

Are You Troubled by ASTHMA?

Are you being almost suffocated by that horrid strangling cough? Are you kept awake night after night? Don't suffer longer but get Potter's Asthma Cure. Gives instant relief, and works wonders in Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, Whooping Cough and other lung troubles. *The best remedy for bronchitis of children.*

POTTER'S Asthma Cure

Is quite safe to use, it contains no opiates and neither causes headaches nor bad after-effects. It is so sure to give relief that you should accept Free Trial at once. Fill up form and you will receive Free Trial of Potter's Asthma Cure, and a little book "Are you Asthmatic?"—full of facts as to the cause, prevention and cure of asthma and bronchitis. Potter's Asthma Cure is supplied by chemists, herbalists and stores, for 1s.

Sign this Form To-day

To Potter and Clarke, Ltd., Artillery Lane, London, E. Please send Free Trial of Potter's Asthma Cure.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

John Bull .....

By Appointment *To H.M. The King*

With Sugar dear and MILK much dearer

NESTLÉ'S MILK

The Way makes clearer The Richest in Cream

STILL THE SAME PRICE

8½d. and 5d. per tin.

Cure Piles or Constipation Permanently.

Science evolved this new perfect remedy from vegetable ingredients that cure without pain—and with certainty. Never bind or gripe; never weaken.

Chocoloids REGD.

For Constipation.

Strong enough to cure the most chronic case, but not too drastic for the weakest constitution. In handy metal case for vest pocket. Send P.O. 3/9 now for full treatment. The CHOCOLOID CO., Stirchley Laboratories (Dept. 22) Birmingham.

Send postcard for free sample sufficient to prove.

"JOHN BULL'S" GUARANTEE.

We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcements appear in JOHN BULL, *i.e.*, we hold ourselves responsible for their being of the quality and standard represented at the time of purchase and the date of payment, either in full or of first instalment; and if any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns, we will personally refund the purchase money provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase.

MEN'S SUPERIOR KNITTED JACKETS. Excellent Quality and Finish, in Grey, Khaki, and Black-and-White, well made, full men's size, thick, superior knit, very strong, with sleeves, collar, pockets, also preserver front and buttons to match. Excellent for Holiday, Sports, or Outdoor wear. Very warm. Special offer, 3 for 11/6. Galaxy Sale Catalogue post free.

SALE PRICE **3/11** Postage 6d. extra.

T. Hodgson & Sons (Dept. J.B.) Wrosley Rd., Leeds

PEPS
Protect
THROAT & CHEST

The best way to keep the throat thoroughly germ proof, and to prevent a Cold or Chill penetrating to the lungs, is to make a practice of letting two or three Peps tablets dissolve in the mouth at intervals during the day.

The powerful germ-killing medicine in Peps comes into direct contact with all the breathing tubes, and defends any weak spot in the chest against the dangers that lurk in Damp or Mist or in sudden weather changes.

For warding off *that early morning cough and throat irritation*, which are the bane of munition workers, and for curing colds, chills and bronchitis there's nothing so quickly effective as breatheable Peps.

Peps are sold only in sealed boxes, and every tablet is separately wrapped in silver foil. The name Peps is printed on the box and stamped on every tablet. Sold by all chemists and drug stores, or The Peps Co., Carlton Hill, Leeds. Be sure you get PEPS, the great throat disinfectant. All imitations are worthless.

"A PINE FOREST IN EVERY HOME"

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when forwarding cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., as, though every effort is made for their safe custody, they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only of such documents should be forwarded in the first instance.

LETTERS must be addressed to the Editor or the Publishers, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters. FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, LEGAL and SPORTING inquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, Legal or Sporting Editor, and, except in the case of the last-named, must each be accompanied by a postal order for a shilling. All communications should be directed to 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

"THE BISHOP'S BLUNDER."—The Editor begs to acknowledge receipt of an enormous number of letters relating to his recent article and regrets that he is quite unable to reply to his correspondents individually.

J. R. (Sheffield) asks, "Are *you* getting downhearted? We have plenty of men, and I am surprised you allowed that drawing by Mr. Holland to be published." *Have* plenty of men, and *shall have* plenty of men, are very different stories.

"Echo" (London) says that in a recent issue of the *Journal of Astrology* appeared a par. bearing on the oft-whispered report that the Kaiser is not the son of the late Emperor Frederick, but is an impostor named Leymann. We believe he is an impostor named Beelzebub.

"A LOVER OF ANIMALS" (Ilfracombe).—Following our protest, the sale of Army horses cast on the Eastern front has been stopped. This is good news to every humane man and woman.

T. A. M. (Westminster).—It's hard lines. The forty-fivers are obviously not wanted at present. Whether they will be wanted in six months' time——!

E. M. (Brookfields) suggests a Flag Day for Old Age Pensioners. We suggest that he fills up one of the new forms to be had at any Post Office for increase of salary and sends it to the authorities.

"JUSTICE FOR ALL" (London).—On general principles, Ireland should be now under Conscription; as to expediency, we should probably lose more than we stand to gain. If Lord Wimborne is right you, in saying "Conscription for Ireland would bring in 250,000," are about 150,000 out. And even so, how many more trained soldiers would you have to put and keep in Ireland to get 'em? Yet they are wonderful bhoys—all of them; yes, even the Sinn Feiners!

G. W. D. (Northern Nigeria).—Glad to tell you, "an Essendon boy," that, as a result of our revelations, the two Essendon motor ambulances were retrieved from Victoria Docks, and have since been doing fine service.

"SCRUNCHER" (H.M.S. ——).—"Has Sir Douglas Haig to take orders from General Joffre?" You chaps should not ask us to settle such "arguments." Let us all be a happy family; consultation is not "orders."

A. L. (Marlborough).—It was hard that an old man of 84 should be summoned for "taking a friendly drink," but, as you know, the law now encourages selfish and solitary soaking, while proscribing the social glass.

"A SOLDIER'S SISTER" (Cork).—Sorry cannot afford space for a "Candid Communication" to the Bishop of Cashel, for whose sound patriotism, however, we have a deep respect. Our compliments to your brother.

Mrs. W. P. (Herts.)—"Do we know those poor girls would not have been killed but for the searchlight?" No, but we know a great many poor girls who would have been killed but for the searchlights.

A.W.D. (York).—The attention of the Home Office should be at once invited to the case in which a boy of 15, the son of a soldier, was sentenced by the York Magistrates to four years in a Reformatory for the theft of a penny banana.

"READER" (Llandyssul).—We note your statement that in South Wales there is a custom of "systematically making people drunk at auction sales to get them to 'bid up'"—but as this seems to be a real abuse, and not an artificial evil, you need not expect any assistance from the Liquor Control Board—who, indeed, have actually announced that the free distribution of beer on such occasions is not "treating."

"A NAVAL OFFICER" (London).—It would be unfair for us to canvass individual claims to war honours. If it comes to that, there are very few sailors or soldiers on active service who have not earned honourable distinction.

"VERITAS" (Johannesburg).—The collection of signatures from children and other irresponsible persons is a common dodge of fanatical petition-mongers.

F. M. C. (Halesworth).—Generally speaking, a man's condition has to be pretty hopeless before he is reported medically unfit for any form of military service. There are many grave physical defects "not visible to the eye."

J. R. (Liverpool).—We cordially agree that "all foreign appointments, consular and diplomatic, should be in British hands." When the war is over, we shall do all in our power to bring about this vital reform.

Mrs. A. (Clapham Common) tells us that two girls at the Ministry of Munitions are "over-worked and under-paid," getting far less salary than two other girls doing similar work in same room. Let them peg away for justice until the position is rectified. They must not be "nervous."

C. G. K. (London, S.W.) and OTHERS.—Cannot say why the guns on Blank Common did not fire at the blanky Zepp, nor whether Germans infesting the district caused the searchlights to fail. There are so many rumours afloat that we cannot believe them all.

Q. M. (H.M.S. ——).—Doesn't it strike you that if the country can find money during the war, it can also find the necessary afterwards?

SAPPER G. A. (Weymouth).—"Anzac" is a word made from the initials of "Australian (and) New Zealand Army Corps." The paper that called Mr. Hughes an Anzac erred, but was trying to compliment him.

"SUB." (France).—Having seen your men and comrades fall, you do not think those who are left can ever love the Hun. We share your sentiments, because there is so much that must never be forgotten.

"AN INTERESTED READER" (Westhoughton).—"Mr. Runciman has given his Report on the high prices of food. Could one expect anything different from one connected with the——?" Hush! We are observed!

MRS. C. (Addiscombe).—We have frequently written in praise of the Merchant Service, though they are such fine men that they ask us not to, preferring just to go on with their duty. Their modesty is equal to their self-devotion.

"A WORKING LAD" (North Cumberland).—"Which three regiments have the most honours?" We would not discriminate between regiments; to us they are all equally honourable. Don't you agree?

"WRANGLER" (R.N. Hosp., Portland).—Oh, you wranglers! "To settle a bet," we should suggest that what Lieut. Robinson brought down was not, technically, a Zeppelin—but near enough to make your bet a draw.

"CONSTANT ADMIRER" (Kilmarnock).—And so the Rev. F. B. Meyer has been telling the Sunday-school Conference that the reason our boys are fighting so well is because they attended Sunday-school regularly in their childhood days. What an old humbug!

W. E. R. (R.N.D.).—In adjourning the case "with a view to the boy being got into the Navy," we don't think the Magistrate intended to "cast a slur" on the Navy—which we agree should not be a dumping ground for ne'er-do-wells. Don't forget, however, the Navy has made many a fine man out of many a naughty boy.

W. J. P. (W. Hampstead).—It does seem a shame that the enormous catches of Cornish pilchards should be sent abroad, but the pilchard is somehow not a fish which we British appreciate.

"LIVERPUDLIAN," discharged from the Army wounded at Loos, tells us that he wants an outside position in the country—married; no children; educated; excellent handwriting; tall; good appearance. We shall be pleased to forward any letters.

"LANCE CORPORAL" (Glasgow).—We heard an East-End lady say she wished they had come down in Hoxton. There is a rumour in the Army that at Potters Bar one of the Zepp crew escaped without a scratch by soaking his trousers in petrol and climbing down the ray of a searchlight. So far as we know, however, nobody has seen him since.

R. G. (Edinburgh).—You may think the £5 fine heavy, but what right had he to kiss the girl in the railway carriage? She was not his girl, was she? Hoots, mon!

C. K. (Framlingham) says this is the inscription on an old tombstone in the parish churchyard: "Sacred to the memory of Charles Williams, who departed this life, May 17th, 1833, aged 15 years. Also of Mabala, his daughter, who departed this life, January 3rd, 1833, aged six months." One wonders what was the age limit in those days!

T. R. (Chelmsford).—It looks as though Jackson & Son, Grimsby, had attempted, like some other firms, to black out the words "Printed in Germany" from their Germhun-printed postcards, and badly failed.

"ONE OF THE CUSTOMERS" (Manchester).—The threat of the hotel-keeper to prosecute for "stealing" any assistant found serving liquor during prohibited hours had no legal warrant.

"CONSTANT" (Edinburgh).—A little late with "General Election in Hell," alleged copy of "a poem found in the trenches, the original of which was somewhat obliterated with mudstains, but you managed to get some copies reprinted." Tell us anither ane.

"AN 8-YEARS READER."—If a standing order is given to your newsagent, it is not necessary to send in a fresh Insurance coupon at the expiration of the year. Your postal order for 1s. has been added to our War Fund with thanks.

Miss L. W. (Harrogate).—"Nephew, told he could have jam or butter, but not both together, asked for toast, divided in two, one half buttered, the other jammed. Then he clapped the two together. What will he become?" A sandwich man.

"LOYAL READER" (Glasgow).—We do not propose to take any notice of the obscure publication in question. We must draw the line somewhere.

J. G. (Campbeltown).—See reply to "Loyal Reader"—which applies equally to the publication from which you are good enough to send us a cutting.

R. C. S. (Worcester Park).—As you say, children are the goods, "but now and after the war, be sure of getting a house before you start in the manufacture thereof."

"ROBERT" (Oswestry).—Last year we distributed 1,500 turkeys as "Bullets" prizes. This year—wait and see!

M. E. W. (West Kensington).—Your soldier friend thinks we ought to have the V.C., "for the way we speak up for them. It's quite a clamour to get a look at JOHN BULL; sometimes I lose it for days before I get a chance to look at it. You couldn't have thought of anything better to send." Remember us to him when you write.

"BULLITE" (Manchester).—We are not surprised that the police-officer sent to trap a respectable landlady into an illegal sale of drink "looked ill" when he called for the liquor. If the man had any conscience at all, he was probably sick with shame.

R. H. (Birmingham).—We have already referred to the five sons of Dunn, the Hatter, exempted on "conscientious" grounds, including the young noodle who "would not kill a wasp." Possibly this mistaken tenderness may account for the bees in his—hat.

W. D. (Gillingham) says that on one of H.M. ships, when warning of a raid was received, evening service was in progress and the hymn was, "Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night"!

E. G. H. (Bombay).—We cannot publish stories of ladies and gentlemen "on singularly intimate terms." You have mistaken us for one of our contemporaries. Guess which!

Miss C. R. (Knotty Ash).—For information concerning professions and business openings for women after the war, consult *Everywoman's*.

S. P. C. (Norwich).—"I noticed a pub. the other day with the following on the side door:—"—UG & —OTTLE ENTRANCE"! Like other people, they need J.B.

"SAPSIG" (Canterbury).—Sorry to have missed a question, by one of the boys, on the game of Loto. But it happens to be a sport we aren't expert in. Had it been kiss-in-the-ring, or honey-pots—!

"SURPRISED."—Factories at Letchworth Garden City have glass roofs "showing a mass of blaze for miles, sometimes all night." Everything in the Garden City isn't lovely.

A. H. P. (Walworth).—A pupil at Sayer Street School asked the teacher when the war would be over, and teacher replied "Ask JOHN BULL." Train up a child in the way he should go!

S. L. W. (Chorlton-cum-Hardy).—"The underlining is mine." Very nicely done.

QR.-MR. SERGT. McK (B.E.F.).—The facts you name are a gross scandal and we will keep a sharp eye on the "so-called lady" you mention. The wives of British soldiers are ladies in their own right and, as such, should enjoy general respect.

(A number of replies are unavoidably held over.)

HOW TO GET RID OF CATARRH.

A SIMPLE, SAFE, RELIABLE WAY, AND IT COSTS NOTHING TO TRY.

Those who suffer from catarrh know its miseries. There is no need of this suffering. You can get rid of it by a simple, safe, inexpensive home treatment discovered by Dr. Blosser, who for over thirty-six years has been treating catarrh successfully.

His treatment is unlike any other. It is not a spray, douche, salve, cream, or inhaler, but a more direct and thorough treatment than any of these. It cleans out the head, nose, throat, and lungs so that you can again breathe freely and sleep without that stopped-up feeling that all catarrh sufferers have. It heals the diseased mucous membranes and arrests the foul discharge, so that you will not be constantly blowing your nose and spitting, and at the same time it does not poison the system and ruin the stomach, as internal medicines do.

If you want to test this treatment without cost, send your address to Dr. Blosser, Ltd. (Dept. 21 B), 8, Bouverie Street, London, E.C., who will send you by return post enough of the medicine to satisfy you that it is all they claim for it as a remedy for catarrh, catarrhal headaches, catarrhal deafness, asthma, bronchitis, colds, and all catarrhal complications. They will also send you free an illustrated booklet. Write them immediately. On sale at Boots' Cash Chemists and other chemists' shops.—ADVT.

I will teach You to Play the Piano

Brilliantly, without Practice-Drudgery.

Fatigue or failure, even though you do not know a note of music now. I teach more in a few lessons by correspondence than years of ordinary practice will do. Have done so for twelve years with invariable success. Scientific method with commonsense application to ordinary music. Send postcard, with your full postal address and stating whether you are a Beginner, Elementary, Moderate or Advanced Player. I will send you free a copy of my book.

"Mind, Muscle and Keyboard," which explains my methods and shows what past students themselves say my system has done for their playing; you may then **Judge for Yourself** what it can do for you.

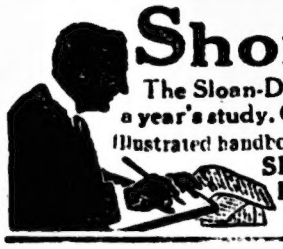
Mr. H. BECKER, 81, Bristol House, Holborn Viaduct, London.

1 MILLION FREE TRIALS

TOZANA HAIR FOOD

Hair Tonic. Removes Dandruff, dresses, fixes and controls the hair and promotes growth. Prevents hair from turning grey. Bottles 1/-, 2/-, 2/6, and 5/- all chemists, hairdressers and stores. Two Strengths—Ladies and Gents. Send 4 stamps for postage, etc., for free bottle of either strength, or 8 stamps for both.—14, Tozana House, Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.

Shorthand



The Sloan-Duployan system saves a year's study. Greatest speed record. Illustrated handbook with lesson, &c., free. SLOAN-DUPLOYAN Headqrs., Dept. 32, Ramsgate.

FREEMANS REAL TURTLE SOUP made in a minute with Freemans Real Turtle Cubes. Four in a box 1/-. Freemans SOUPS OF DISTINCTION Watford

'Bullets' Trafalgar Prize!

For this week ONLY!

2ND PRIZE £50

FIRST PRIZE £500

3RD PRIZE £10

10 PRIZES OF £5

25 PRIZES OF 10/-

1,000 PRIZES OF 2/6

2,000 SPECIAL 'TARGET' PRIZES.

2,000 OTHER HANDSOME PRIZES

10 PRIZES OF £2:10'

☞ Two further Coupons for this week's Competition will be found on the opposite page.

No. Closing Date, Thursday, Oct. 26th.

Example _____

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(210) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

Signed _____

Address _____

If one coupon is used P.O. for 6d. must be sent.

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No. 210, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C. Write "COMPETITION" in top left-hand corner of envelope.

No. Closing Date, Thursday, Oct. 26th.

Example _____

Bullet _____

Example _____

Bullet _____

(210) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

Signed _____

Address _____

If two coupons are used P.O. for 1s. must be sen

SPECIAL RULE FOR MILITARY AND OTHER COMPETITORS.

In order to afford our Military and Naval Competitors and others living in remote districts ample time to compete, we are allowing them special facilities. Below will be found twenty examples for **Next Week's** "Bullets" Competition **No. 211** These can be used on the coupons above and must reach these Offices on or before **THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 2nd.** Please note that all coupons so used **MUST** be clearly marked with the number **211** on the top-left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons **MUST** be addressed "Bullets" **No. 211,** "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. Such coupons **MUST NOT** contain any of the Thirty Examples for the present week's competition.

Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 211.

BRITISH LEADERS	THE UPPER TEN	GERMANY'S LAST HOPE	DIRT CHEAP
MOST JOYFUL WHEN	WHEN FATHER'S ASLEEP	PRETTY BAD	NEVER TROUBLED EVE
SHABBY TRICK	FORBIDDEN	NEVER KNOWN TO MISS	COURTING DANGER
WIFE'S FIRST CAKE	GETTING ON WELL	FAST AND LOOSE	WHEN BUTCHER'S PAID
TOMMY'S COOK	HANDS OFF	ALWAYS WITH US	WORRIES THE KAISER

This Week's List of Examples for "Bullets" Competition, No. 210.

ENGLAND EXPECTS
STARS AND STRIPES
GREEK TROUBLES
WHEN TANKS APPEAR
CIVIL SERVANT
AFTER THE ZEPPELINS
BARE LIVING
WORTHY OF NOTE
NOTHING TO GRUMBLE AT
IN THE DARK
A DOG'S CHANCE
GOING STRONG
MINDING THE BABY
MAKES FATHER TIRED
WHEN LONDON SLEEPS
REMAINS TO BE SEEN
FETCHING MAID
WHAT GERMANY WANTS
THE LAST DROP
TAKING FRIGHT
WHEN CAT'S AWAY
PLAYING THE FOOL
RAILWAY RUN
THINKING IT OVER
COMBING THEM OUT
MY FANCY
MOST EXCITING WHEN
BEFORE THE WAR
MANAGING WIFE
THE KAISER'S DISAPPOINTMENT

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the thirty examples given above. Then give **TWO, THREE** or **FOUR** words having some bearing on the example chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with **ANY** letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letter in the alphabet.

These examples will help you:—

Example:—
MOST EXCITING WHEN.
Bullet:—
THE BOYS COME HOME.
Example:—
MY FANCY.
Bullet:—
DOESN'T ALWAYS WIN.

Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent.

Result of this Competition will be found in our issue dated Nov. 11th.

This week's "Bullets" Coupon will also be found in EVERYWOMAN'S, dated October 21st.

BULLETS RULES

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness, and originality. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed _____ and Co.

Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. **Coupons must not be defaced in any manner.**

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.

5. The Editor undertakes that every "Bullet" received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Special Offer!

£500 1st Prize! For this week ONLY

RESULT OF "BULLETS" £1,000 RECORD OFFER (COMPETITION No. 208) WILL APPEAR IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE.

No. Closing Date. Thursday, Oct. 26th.

Example

Bullet

Example

Bullet

(210) P.O. No.

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on the opposite page.

Signed

Address

If three coupons are used P.O. for 1s. 6d. must be sent.

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No. 210, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

No. Closing Date. Thursday, Oct. 26th.

Example

Bullet

Example

Bullet

(210) P.O. No.

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on the opposite page.

Signed

Address

If four coupons are used P.O. for 2s. must be sent.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

Every copy of John Bull bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and published in the following issue.

To each of the holders of copies of John Bull *of specified date*, bearing on the cover any of such numbers, we will, upon production within seven days of publication (a reasonable extension will be allowed to foreign and Colonial claimants) of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA in return for his using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation. Before the money is paid we require a full report of all the work done.

The following have sent in correct claims:—

HENRY ASHTON, 81, Town Lane, Denton. September 16th. 179260.

SIDNEY H. LEE, 108, York Road, Southend-on-Sea. September 30th. 657410.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of October 14th:—

006,529	296,487	589,621	852,908	A205,565
037,412	329,672	525,422	877,490	A238,425
081,067	345,985	641,258	894,614	A273,179
095,393	377,429	687,490	962,581	A284,896
133,945	435,611	732,754	991,150	A357,918
168,672	448,229	761,352	A033,052	A370,361
187,834	484,468	776,674	A072,820	A442,845
204,561	491,150	785,377	A098,627	A468,001
241,307	527,308	844,442	A165,015	A432,827
269,854	549,456	848,163	A192,927	A510,062

The A prefixed indicates that it is plus a million. The Fifty numbers in respect of this week will be announced in our next issue (published Oct. 25th).

£10 REWARD.

WANTED, the Copies of JOHN BULL for October 14th, 1916, bearing on the Covers the Numbers 02,850 and A16,736. Any person possessing either of these copies will be paid £5 upon applying to THE MANAGER, "JOHN BULL," 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

"JOHN BULL'S" GREAT FREE WAR INSURANCE

We are giving, *absolutely free of charge, an insurance* against ZEPPELIN OR OTHER AIR RAIDS, BOMBARDMENT, INVASION, RAID, RIOT, CIVIL COMMOTION, CIVIL WAR, REVOLUTION, REBELLION, BLOCKADE—indeed, every war risk to Life, Limb and Home. Anyone can be insured, *irrespective of sex or age*, but a separate coupon must be filled in for each person. Remember, the Ordinary fire and accident Policies afford no protection whatever against war risks.

Our scheme is simple and comprehensive, and does not bother about any "legal representative" or "next-of-kin." We shall pay the amount to the insured, who must personally sign the coupon, or to the person nominated thereon, and to no one else. Be sure to fill in a coupon for every member of your family. *The Newsagent's Order Form will keep you permanently insured during such period as this Insurance Scheme and your order to the Newsagent remain in force.* Readers may, however, obtain all the advantages by sending in every week the Registration Coupon—with clause (*a*) struck out, which will be available for seven days after its receipt by us.

WHAT WE WILL PAY

In respect of any person (*man, woman or child*) who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the events named, we will, subject to the fulfilment of the few simple conditions set out below, pay the sum of	£200
Should he, or she, in the course of any of these happenings, become permanently totally disabled ...	£100
Should his, or her, home become directly damaged (whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop) or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding	£350
Loss of one quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to	£25
Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal, but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to	£10

Claims must be received by us within forty-eight hours of the injury, and must be supported by such evidence as may be required by the Editor, whose decision shall be final upon all questions. Not more than one claim, which must be confined to one of the benefits, can be entertained in respect of any one person or home, the address of which must be registered.

We reserve to ourselves the right to limit our total payments to £10,000, and to pay not more than £5,000 in respect of claims from any one raid. Payment will be made subject to the rights which the claimant may have or acquire against any other newspaper or insurance body, we paying a proportionate amount of the total admitted claim.

Our Insurance Scheme applies exclusively to British-born subjects, and those of friendly Powers in the British Isles—*and not to Germans, Hungarians, Austrians, Turks, or Bulgarians, even though "naturalised," nor to members of His Majesty's Forces on Active Service, although the home of the latter, situate outside military or naval premises, may be insured.*

TO AVOID FILLING UP REGISTRATION FORM WEEKLY

You may, if you are a *regular* and *continuous* reader of John Bull—or decide to become one—sign this coupon and hand it to your newsagent, and you will be insured for all the benefits of the Scheme as published in each issue, so long as this order and the scheme remain in force.

TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT.

To ..... *Newsagent.*

.....

Please deliver John Bull to me regularly until further notice.

Signed .....

Oct. 21st, 1916 .....

NOTE.—Each member of a family desiring to be insured *must* fill up a separate form.

If you make use of this Newsagent's Form you *must* fill in clause (*a*) of the Registration Form which will be found next to this, and post it to John Bull Insurance Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C., where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

A halfpenny stamp should be forwarded if an acknowledgment of receipt of Coupon is desired.

REGISTRATION FORM

Which must be posted to—
The INSURANCE DEPT., John Bull, 93, Long Acre, W.C.

This is to notify that I have this day (*Strike out one of these.*) Oct. 21st, 1916

(*a*) Placed an order for the *regular* weekly supply of John Bull with .....

Newsagent of .....

.....

and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme.

—OR—

(*b*) Purchased a copy of John Bull, dated as under, and desire to be insured against war risks for one week from the date of receipt by you of this form.

And in the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death:—

Name of Nominee.....

Address .....

Signature of Insured .....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address of home.....

.....

O! the gondolier is singing, and the mandoline is tinging,
And we've got a precious cargo safe in store.
'Tis the famous Chairman Juniors to Venice we are bringing,
For the crowd of smokers waiting on the shore.

Whether in the aquatic land of the South where the gondolier gondols you home, or in the darkened land of the North where the taxi driver taxes you when you get there, there is no cigarette like Chairman Juniors. The reason is that they are Chairman Cigarettes in quality, flavour, and make, and only a trifle smaller to enable them to be sold everywhere at

3d. for 10.

In Chairman Juniors all the value is in the Cigarettes; there are no coupons or cards with them. They are made and guaranteed in every particular by R. J. LEA, Ltd., Manchester.

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